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The *Magazine for the Christian Home*

Hearthstone



- **Missed Opportunities - Lawrence B. Fitzgerald**
- **Children Need Understanding Parents - Dorothy B. Meister**

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The Magazine for the Christian Home

Hearthstone

E. LEE NEAL, *Editor*

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"In the Good Old Summertime"

Most young people will agree with the above sentiment but few of them will recognize it as a phrase from an once popular song. Even if they do they probably wouldn't be caught singing it.

They and all of us, however, are undoubtedly enjoying it. The weather may be too hot and dry, or too wet and muggy (after two years of drought we rather hope it's the latter), but it's summer and most of us are living it to the full.

How wisely and wonderfully God has planned the seasons of the year! This is true even though the particular calendar season may differ drastically depending on which part of the "terrestrial globe" we dwell. For most of us who read this it is summer, though some of our friends south of the equator will be "throwing another log on the fire." We rejoice in him who "hast made summer and winter," knowing that "while the earth remains, [they] shall not cease."

● **What's Here . . .** July and vacation time! While God's good and fruitful earth is working overtime to produce our daily bread, many of us will be taking a bit of rest from our labors. Your July *Hearthstone* offers articles by Cowan, Payler, and Roesch with suggestions on different types of vacation experiences. The great American game, baseball, comes up from a new angle in Lora Conant's story. On the more serious side Larry Fitzgerald and Verdia Burke remind us parents of our responsibilities toward our young people and children. Grace Goodman, writing under the supervision of Ward Miller, tells an interesting story about the parents of that hard-driving industrialist and farsighted philanthropist, John D. Rockefeller. Along with all of these are the regular features of *Hearthstone* which you look forward to reading. So, while our young man of the cover enjoys good fishin', here's wishin' you, good readin'!

● **What's Coming . . .** For most of us it's the last month of summer. After school starts summer is just about over, even though the temperature still hits the nineties. Take *Hearthstone* with you on your vacation (if you haven't had it yet) and enjoy your favorite family magazine. We have space to mention only that you'll read about the parents of the Doctors Mayo, "The Citadel of Sobriety," by Hearn, "Your Child Needs a Hobby," by Kagan and a host of other good things. See you next month, too!

A Word from The Word

Philip found Nathanael, and said to him, "We have found him of whom Moses in the law and also the prophets wrote, Jesus of Nazareth, the son of Joseph." Nathanael said to him, "Can anything good come out of Nazareth?" Philip said to him, "Come and see." Jesus saw Nathanael coming to him, and said of him, "Behold, an Israelite indeed, in whom is no guile!" Nathanael said to him, "How do you know me?" Jesus answered him, "Before Philip called you, when you were under the fig tree, I saw you." Nathanael answered him, "Rabbi, you are the Son of God! You are the King of Israel!" Jesus answered him, "Because I said to you, I saw you under the fig tree, do you believe? You shall see greater things than these." And he said to him, "Truly, truly, I say to you, you will see heaven opened, and the angels of God ascending and descending upon the Son of man."

—JOHN 1:45-51

—Three Lions.



Bartholomew

*Painting by
Peter Paul Reubens
(Flemish School, 1577-1640)*

Missed Opportunities

by Lawrence P. Fitzgerald

In this article, the father of three boys advises parents to take advantage of every opportunity to know their children, to have fellowship with them and to give them guidance. He points out the opportunities for Christian education available in every home, through study, conversation, family worship and, most important, living by Christian principles.

WHEN MY OLDEST son was still in his crib (he now weighs 185 pounds), a friend of the family one day asked me how the new baby was getting along. "Just fine," I replied, and then said somewhat wistfully, "I'll be glad, however, when he grows up and can tell us what he wants so we won't so often go wrong in trying to interpret his cries!"

"Why, Lawrence," reprimanded my friend, "you should enjoy your child at every stage of his existence!"

And she was right. I should. It was a lesson to me and I have tried to do something about it; but I am sure that I have missed many opportunities to know my three boys, to have fellowship with them, and to guide them upon the high road. It is stark tragedy for parents to live in their little world and isolate themselves from their children. Some day they may look back and say: "I wish I had taken more time to be with John or Mary or Sue!" Some day they will stand at some crossroads of life and realize that John, or Mary, or Sue has reached adulthood, independence, and that the opportunities are gone for the intimate fellowship of parents with children; that the days are past when friendly guidance or counsel will be joyfully received by these youngsters!

Missed opportunities! "Of all sad words. . . ."

Day by day, there they are before us, almost unlimited opportunities to help our youngsters grow in favor with God. Have you ever sat down to analyze what those opportunities are and ask yourself if you are missing them? Well, today, let's be absolutely

honest and try to check up on ourselves to see how good a job we are really doing in this business of Christian education right in the home.

1. First, there is the opportunity for formal study of the Bible and our church school materials in the home. Now you are going to say: "Not in my home. You don't know my home. Maybe where there are young children, but not with junior highs and seniors!" Yes, it is harder. But I am not willing to admit there can be no directed Bible study, no directed study of church school materials, in the home! Our youngsters are conditioned to study. Promptly at seven o'clock every night in our house, off the television goes and it stays off until Jim upstairs and Frank downstairs have completed their assignments in Math, English, History, and the like. They now take it as a matter of course.

But the Bible . . . Well, like some other parents, we haven't expected too much there. But one night when I came home from work late, I was delighted to find my fifteen-year-old at the dining room blackboard, chalk in hand, testing himself on his knowledge of the Ten Commandments. His church school teacher was having the class recite the Commandments the next Sunday morning and here he was entering into the project with enthusiasm. And I was glad to take my Bible and guide his own testing of his knowledge of the Ten Commandments.

If we are convinced that Christian education is a must—and it is—and if we can further realize that thirty minutes on Sunday morning is not going to get the job done, then we must surely take some time in the home for directed Bible study. After each member of the family has prepared his lesson, the family could come together for questions and discussions.

2. Second, there is the opportunity for lively conversation directed along religious lines. What does your family talk about? If you want to know, listen quietly and thoughtfully to what members of your family say. It may amaze you! But undoubtedly there is much meaningless jabber in our conversation. We say the same old trite things, and carry on the

same old dull conversations! "I tell you, on the day of judgment men will render account for every careless word they utter . . ." (Matt. 12:36). What a reckoning!

And why not bring Christ and our Christian faith into our conversation! Bob is telling the story of Columbus in 1492 and his faith. That presents an opportunity to say something like this: "You know, that reminds me of Abraham, who felt the call of God to go into an unknown land. . . ." And then there is a comparison of Abraham with Columbus. Why not? And if the parents know the areas being studied by their teen-agers in the church school often they can direct conversation purposefully toward those areas.

Susie complains that she does not have as much money as Margie has. Margie is better dressed; Margie has a car; Margie seems to be able to throw money away. In addition to pointing out that we are doing the best we can to see that Susie has respectable clothes, that her needs are met, that she is neat and clean, there is one other point. Jesus said it when he declared, "A man's life does not consist in the abundance of his possessions." Why not a thoughtful discussion of what Jesus said? Susie may learn that there is a vast difference between the life of abundance and the abundant life.

3. Next there is the opportunity for Christian education afforded through family worship. There is no teaching unless there are changes. Christian

teaching means that persons are changing in Christian character. They are becoming more and more like Christ. Persons who are being taught Christian principles are pressing on "toward the goal for the prize of the upward call of God in Christ Jesus" (Phil. 3:14). Sometimes this comes directly; more often it comes indirectly.

When the family is gathered about the table in the early morning hour for worship, God is there as truly as he is in church. The Bible is read, prayer is offered, and the day begins with an acknowledgment of our dependence upon God. Where shall we read? Perhaps in *The Secret Place*, or in some other devotional guide. The American Bible Society has some excellent leaflets giving some definite plans on Bible reading.

Let there be a plan for family worship. Since the morning is the tuning fork of the day, I think most folk will discover that that is the best time for family worship. But if not then, at noontime, or evening, or at bedtime—sometime, the family group needs to turn to God, the source of power. The young people in the family will want to take part and they will do it admirably. Count on them. If taught, they will be respectful and their attitude will be wholesome.

4. Another indirect way the parents may teach Christian education is through the use of symbols, pictures, worship aids, and the like in the home. Remember the story of the young man who went to sea and when asked why he did so, the questioner dis-

—Walter Hering



Every family should take advantage of evenings when, drawn close by the warmth of the fire, they have the opportunity to enjoy good fellowship and meaningful conversation.

Plans

How strange that I should be surprised
That you are now grown tall
As though you grew up suddenly
And not by years at all.

Why, it was only yesterday
I laid my plans for you
And weighed each item carefully—
The things I meant to do.

There was the daily bread to earn
(Our plans could always wait
Another day or so!) and now
You're grown and I'm too late.

Let's salvage these remaining years
Along a mutual plan—
The son and father comradeship
Can still be man and man.

Harold Gerard

covered that the beautiful painting of a ship at sea on the wall of the living room in that young man's home had been the influence which turned his mind seaward. I do not mean gaudiness or religiosity, but simple, helpful aids. A beautiful Sallman's "Head of Christ" in our living room is a constant inspiration to me.

The reading books of the church school lying on the table, or placed on the mantel or some place where young people can get at them, are always helpful reminders that "Christ is the head of this home, the unseen guest at every meal, the silent listener to every conversation." Good, clean, wholesome books, religious magazines such as *Baptist Leader*, *Bethany Guide*, *Missions*, *Hearthstone*, and *Vision*, should be handily accessible for reading when members of the family have some moments to spare. Often a young person will read a magazine in this manner who would never touch it if you handed it to him and said, "Here, read this!"

5. I come now to a most important point. If you as a parent are to be a religious teacher in the home, do not miss the opportunities to capture the religious meaning in particular moments. This means being ever on the alert to see God in the daily run of our activities.

We went to the seashore last summer—Frank, Jim, Frances and I (Larry, Jr. was still in his college town at work). We relaxed together, swam together, played games together, and, in spite of missing TV and the comforts of civilization, we had fun together.

I believe the climax of the whole experience came when Frank (my fifteen-year-old) said, "We've got to keep this up when we get home. We must do things together more often." That was a religious discovery. I could not help but thank God for that sacred moment.

The carpet on the floor of the bedroom, the linoleum in the kitchen, the dry ground underneath the apple tree—any one of these may be holy ground. Here is Susie saying, "I could hug that big apple tree. It is so beautiful." Yes, Susie, Moses found God one time in a burning bush. The psalmist said, "The heavens are telling the glory of God." Then there is the beauty and fellowship of Christmas time around the family Christmas tree; there are the happy birthday times; there is the radiant joy of Easter time; there is the sober responsibility of back-to-school; there is the proud dirt of a family housecleaning—all these may be holy moments, if the religious significance of the moments is captured by wise and godly parents.

6. If parents are to guide teen-agers into a wholesome attitude toward Christ and the church, they must be aggressively sympathetic toward the church and what it is trying to do. Some parents have become stumbling blocks to the religious development of their children by their own critical and sour attitude toward the church of Jesus Christ.

If we want the teen-agers in our home to be sympathetic toward Christ, toward the church, toward Christianity, then we must stop having roast minister every Sunday for dinner; we must quit our bitter persecution of anyone who disagrees with us; we must learn the first commandment which is love.

(Continued on page 24)

Family Life

Nights before the fire,
Flames a brilliant glow,
Popcorn popping gently,
Daddy reading Poe.

Loved ones sitting listening,
Warmth and cheer abound,
Daddy's voice and crackling fire
Make the only sound.

That is real contentment,
Family life at best;
Thank God for such evenings
Of real happiness!

Grayce Krogh Boller

A-Camping We Will Go

by Lewellyn Cowan

NO! It couldn't be! Surely that jangling alarm was a disturbing dream rather than part of a deliberate plan to awaken sensible folk at such an hour as three A.M. Yet even as my husband, half awake, groped for the clock to shut off its insistent clamor, a light flashed on in an adjoining bedroom, and there came the thump of two pairs of bare feet as our young sons hit the floor with the alacrity of alert firemen.

"Hey, Dad! Hey, Mom! Wake up—it's time to get up!" came nine-year-old Michael's wide-awake demand.

"Sure, we've gotta get up! Gotta be on the move early," chimed in Dennis, age seven, repeating exactly his father's clearly stated schedule of the night before. By this time both were eagerly dressing, keeping up a chatter of excited conversation.

Under the impact of such contagious enthusiasm, all inclination toward further sleep vanished. This hour for which the four of us had happily planned and waited during many months had at last arrived. Carefully worked-out routine, mentally rehearsed so often that it was rote, now took command in launching us upon a brand new family adventure—our first camping trip.

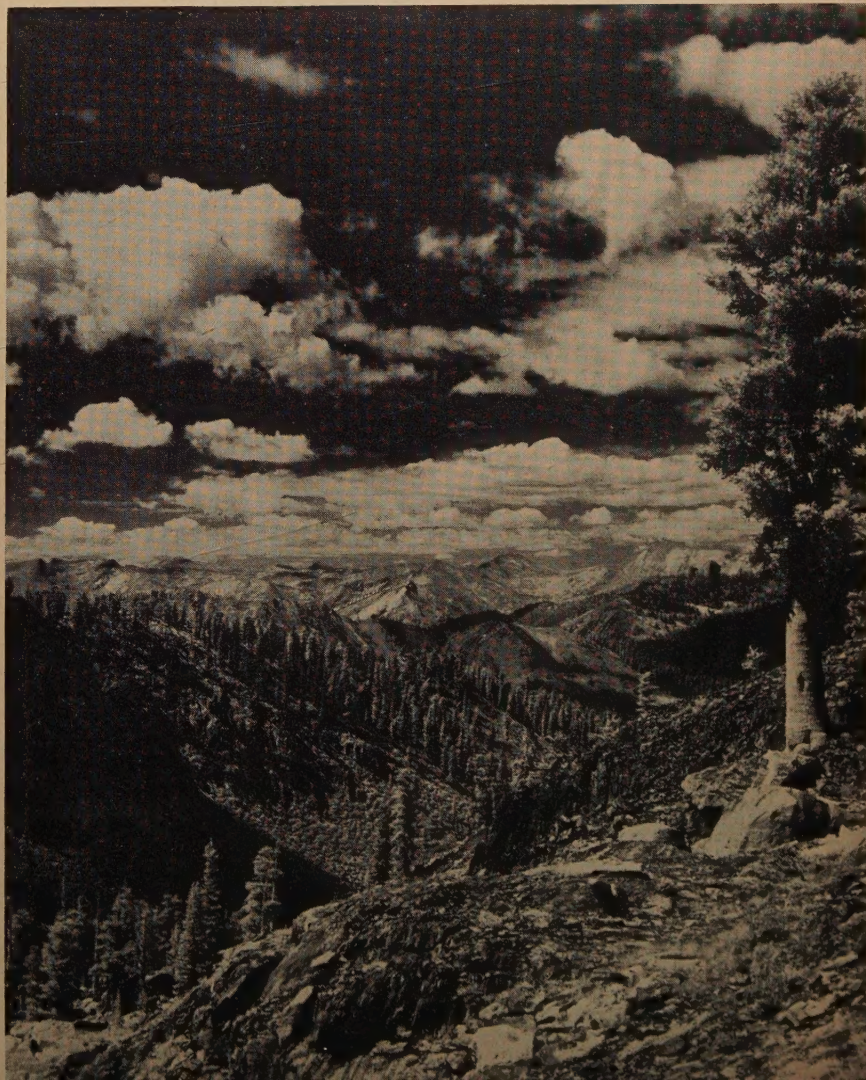
The previous night we had compactly packed all our equipment, and filled the tank of the car with

gasoline. The milkman, paperman, and postman had been asked to discontinue deliveries until further notice. The house key had been left with a neighbor for easy entrance in case of emergency. And the family pets had been farmed out with friends too good-natured to reject the doubtful privilege of taking care of them while we were gone.

Thus at three-thirty on a summer morning, exactly on schedule, we fared forth on the adventure ahead. Accustomed noises of the city were strangely hushed in the pre-dawn quiet as we threaded our way along usually busy streets and out onto the open highway, adding, for the boys, at least, a touch of Treasure Island-like mystery to our departure.

"An intense awareness of the vastness, beauty, and wonder of the universe, and gratitude sometimes spoken, sometimes too deep for words—to God the Creator. . . ."

—RNS



Several factors had influenced our decision to take such a vacation. At first, thoughts on the matter were somewhat idle, but the more we thought and talked of it the more appealing it became. To begin with, it suggested a complete and refreshing change from the congestion of urban living. It would be an experience in which, as a family, we would be largely dependent and interdependent upon ourselves. Each person, including the children, would be responsible for a share of necessary duties—often more a theory than a practice in our modern city homes. All of us keenly enjoy the outdoors; this would combine shared family recreation with real re-creation in that kind of environment. It would satisfy a desire instinctive with every boy to “rough it.” It would take us

away from the too easy appeal of commercial amusements. It would cost less than a vacation at a resort, for, once equipment was acquired it could be used for many years, and the only major expense would be for food and transportation. Most of all, it would draw us together in a wholesome experience in family fun and sharing.

A trip to the public library provided an abundance of information about national and state parks, camping areas and regulations, and advice on equipment, as well as suggestions of other places we might write for additional information. Our enthusiasm gained momentum as, fascinated, we read together of the scenic beauty and scope of wild animal and plant life preserved in their natural state for public enjoyment in these places—preserved for all to en-

joy merely by observing necessary rules for their protection from destruction or harm. In each of these places, clean public campgrounds are maintained and safeguarded by the national or state forestry service.

Since the Colorado Rockies, with their majesty and overwhelming grandeur, had long been a favorite vacation spot with us, we decided upon the Glacier Basin Campground, one of several in the Rocky Mountain National Park, as the destination of our first camping trip. Then we turned our attention to assembling the right equipment.

As novices whose nearest approach to this kind of experience had been limited to wiener roasts and the like, for help we relied on books, salesmen who were as interested in giving service as in making a quick sale, friends who had gone camping, a carefully thought-out list of our needs—and a little common sense.

A few incidents of our initiation were unmistakable evidence of exactly how little was our “little common sense,” as in the case of our tent. We couldn’t resist buying a sixteen-foot-square pyramid-shaped canvas manion displayed in an army surplus lot, visualizing its roomy comfort pitched in the shelter of rustling pines. However, having arrived at our destination, finding a spot surrounded by trees yet big enough to accommodate our manse was only the first of several related problems. Once such a space, or a reasonable facsimile thereof, was located, hoisting the center of the tall pyramid top was no little matter. Although Heath, the man of the family, was more than willing and able to do his share, the other three members of the partnership were, alas, only willing. The strength of one one-hundred-ten-pound woman and two small boys is puny help to a man burrowed under the sprawling folds of a sixteen-foot tent, center pole in hand and fixed in place, bent on elevating the whole thing to an upright position. Not for another two or three years did the boys’

Prayer of a Homemaker

In Appreciation of Friendship

—by Ruth C. Ikerman

Dear Heavenly Father:

It is so good to have the joys of friendship here and now. Accept our thanks for present friends who form a happy link with all the friendships of the past.

Prepare our hearts to welcome new friends through changing circumstances as the years progress. May we ourselves grow to greater stature so we may have gentle and balanced personalities to share with new friends.

Grant that through wise choice of friends we may be enabled to serve better in the tasks common to Thy kingdom. In the laboratory of earth’s friendships may we learn lessons worthy of eternity.

Help us remember the rich heritage of friendship expressed in the Bible stories of sacrifice and love. May we ever reverence

the word friend since it was blessed by the lips of Jesus when He defined His disciples, and offered the privileges of His friendship through unselfish service.

Amen



Vincent and the Science of Baseball

A Story by

Lora M. Conant



Illustration by
Heman Fay, Jr.

"You vacuum-minded moron," were
the words Vincent started with . . .

IT WAS just last March that I was called in to fill a vacancy in a private school. In that small exclusive Greenwood School, I was hired to teach the upper room. In this room were children ranging from seven to twelve years of age—third-, fourth-, and fifth-graders, and special students who fitted in no particular grade. It was in this school that I had the painful pleasure of teaching small Vincent Mollay. Vincent was a precocious eight—small and wiry, unbelievably intelligent and naive, full of small prides and quirks.

We had our first skirmish on the first day I taught in that school. I called the seven pupils who were listed as third-graders in my record book, to class for a reading period. I gave each of them a third-grade reader. Vincent read his as easily as I read Mother Goose rhymes, but when I gave him his copy of content questions to answer, he just didn't answer them. I asked him why. He answered solemnly, "I've been thinking about the atomic bomb. Just how is an atom split?"

"Ha—ha, Edison, the Second,"

laughed big Bob Malone, a twelve-year-old boy, whose intelligence was extremely limited. I was moving in my leisurely manner to reprove Bob, but I never accomplished it. Vincent was out of his seat like an unleashed tiger, but he didn't scratch or bite. He just used words, biting, cutting words. He didn't need cuss or obscene words. He had an adequate supply of English.

"You vacuum-minded moron," were the ones he started with.

I grabbed Vincent and forced him into his seat. I finally had to put my hand over his mouth to stem his flow of excellent insults. Slow-witted Bob was moving in to avenge his honor, but I quelled him with a glance. Quelling Vincent wasn't so easy. When I took my hand from his mouth he had finished his insults and begun to rave his threats. The first coherent one was "I'll fix a time bomb and put it in that jerk's desk"—the jerk being Bob.

"Well, that'll take figuring," I suggested. "Better get paper and pencil and start planning it."

He subsided at once and spent the rest of the morning drawing figures.

"Something new has been added," I said to myself, "and here I thought I had seen everything in the child line. I bet Bob Malone is right at that, and this time I have encountered a genius."

Genius or eccentric—it mattered not. That wasn't for me to decide. I just decided he was different and would require different teaching. So I got a book on atomic power and a funny little-boy ver-

sion of a college-boy's notebook. I said to Vincent merely, "I have a book about the atom. Read it instead of your reader. In this little book write down anything you think I might find interesting."

Right then big Bob Malone pipes up with, "Oh, you're letting him do what he likes. You make the rest of us study in our old books."

"Well," I said, looking at Bob in my most superior manner, "if a man with a broken leg and a man with measles went to a doctor, would the doctor treat them both alike? A doctor must diagnose a case and give each patient the treatment he requires. So an up-to-date teacher must diagnose her pupils' needs."

Bob was stricken dumb. So many words floored him. But Vincent looked at me with an understanding twinkle behind his big glasses and asked,

"Is it measles or a broken leg that I have?"

"It is too soon to tell for certain," I answered in the same spirit, but suddenly life was interesting. I had acquired a child with a good brain.

In my enthusiasm I made a bad mistake. I had called Vincent to my desk and listened while he told me what he had garnered from his book on atomic power. He had narrated it so well, yet in such little-boy language, that I impulsively asked him to tell the class what he told me. Most of the group were listening nicely when Bob Malone's "Ha—ha—

teacher's pet" broke roughly upon the interesting recital. The group, variable as a weather vane, swerved to Bob's viewpoint and laughed derisively at small Vincent. Vincent was too interested in his ideas to squeal them properly. I marked a demerit mentally against the teacher who had let such a thing happen but made an effort to retrieve what advantage was left. I burst in upon the laughter with my hearty laugh and clapped my hands.

"Good for Vincent—very good for a third-grade boy."

I swung Bob's group to Vincent's side, but I knew that the advantage was temporary. I had isolated small Vincent from his group. So I was not too much surprised at noon to find all the boys playing a game from which Vincent was excluded. He came to me eagerly to talk more about the atom; but I alerted a new boy who was sitting under a tree wistfully surveying the active group, and told Vincent to take him under his wing and amuse him.

"My wing isn't any too long and wide," Vincent twinkled.

He was a pleasure to me, I admitted with a sigh, but promised myself that never again would I be careless and make the group jealous of him.

That evening I managed to step out of the building just as big Bob Malone was starting for the bus. With a little skillful maneuvering I got him to talk. He finally got to Vincent.

"Vincent's queer," he stated flatly. "No fun at all. None of the boys like him."

"Didn't they like him last year?" That was what I most wanted to know.

"No, even the teacher didn't like him last year. Every day at the park we teased him until he cried and told the teacher."

"And what did the teacher do?"

"Nothing—just told him not to be a crybaby. She didn't want to make us big boys mad."

"I guess she wasn't so very tough," I told him pleasantly—without any emphasis—just as if I were talking about the weather. That puzzled him so it nearly cut off his flow of words and defeated my purpose, but just as I was about to leave him he opened up again.

"Vincent's adopted, you know, and his mother's awful old. He never plays with any kids, just plays alone in his basement playroom. Calls it his laboratory."

Bob felt only scorn for Vincent. He knew no pity.

The pity Bob's story made me feel for small Vincent led to one of the fiercest battles I ever waged within myself. On one side was my desire to train his eager, searching mind. The rest of the pupils were so average, so much the same as all the others I had taught. On the other side was my pity for the small boy no one liked—the boy who was adopted—whose mother was old—who was queer. Pity won. I knew I had to bury my genius and bring forth the boy who could mix with other boys—the regular fellow.

I got an armload of books on baseball, and from my husband, who is a baseball fan, I learned what



I could of the various kinds of pitched balls. The next morning I talked of baseball, introduced them to the books on the subject—I had read none of them except the story of Babe Ruth—and hoped for the best.

"There is a science to pitching a ball," I closed my little talk.

"It doesn't sound as interesting as the science of atomic power," Vincent said dreamily.

Before Bob Malone could try to quell Edison, the Second, I put in briskly, "I had to return that book, Vincent. Look these over today. There's science in baseball, too."

They all read the books. How much of them was pure drivel, I didn't know. I didn't know so much about baseball—but I did know about boys. I let each boy talk a bit about it. Bob Malone even was able to express his thoughts on this subject. Vincent had ideas about a curve ball. His was purely book ideas.

"Ideas are all right," I said, "but you have to be able to use them if they are going to be any good."

"Yet," Bob Malone said, "I bet lots of good players never read any of this junk." He flexed his thumb at my hard-earned collection of books.

"But pitching is a real science?" Vincent looked at me hopefully. I disappointed him.

"An applied science," I said firmly. "You've read about the curve ball. Now see if you can throw one. Perhaps your dad will help you."

"My dad is dead," Vincent said without any emotion. Just a plain statement of fact.

"Been dead for years," Bob Malone said bluntly, "that's why he's so queer."

Vincent's eyes grew big, but I said in a dull, calm way, "Everyone's queer in some way. Now it seems to me, Bob, your thinking Vincent is queer is a little queer itself."

Bob was silent. Words always defeated him.

Vincent stayed back a minute that evening and talked to me.

"I didn't think I was queer. I thought I was smart." It was a question.

"Not queer," I said. "You're definitely not queer. I don't know yet whether you're smart or not. If you can learn to throw a good curve ball, I'll know you're smart."

"All right," Vincent said, "a curve ball it is."

The next day he came to school with a funny cage thing to wear over his face.

"It's a mask," he told me. "My dad used it when he played basketball."

"Do you have to wear it?" I asked dubiously.

"Mother said I had to wear it if I played with my glasses on, and I know I couldn't pitch well without them."

"Ha—ha—ha—" laughed big Bob Malone, but I made short shrift of that by telling the boys to choose up sides. Bob was captain for one side. Vincent was the last chosen. Bob Malone had to choose him. There was no one else left.

"Can I pitch, Bob?" Vincent begged earnestly. "I've been practicing on a curve ball."



For the Children

by Louise Price Bell

In homes where there are youngsters, mothers are wise to keep ice cream cones on hand. If this is done, when ice cream is made in the freezer or refrigerator, or bought at the store, it can be served in the cones, and there are no dishes and spoons to wash. The youngsters can run out and play while enjoying their cones. The crispy cones are healthful, too.

For a party put ice cream on a plate and turn a cone upside down on it, at an angle, and it will look like a dunce cap. Make features on the round ice cream "face" with chocolate, and the children will be delighted. If you prefer, the ice cream may be placed upon a round cookie instead of a plate.

Once you have a supply of ice cream cones, you will never be without them, as long as you have children in your home!

"No," shouted Bob, "you and your mosquito arm." He shoved the right sleeve of Vincent's shirt up to the shoulder and exposed the skinny little arm. "Ha—ha—mosquito arm," he said again.

But small Vincent wasn't ashamed. "Just see my muscle." He flexed his arm.

To my surprise, a fairly decent muscle bulged on

(Continued on page 26)



Becoming exasperated with his toy, this little boy let the swear words slip. He corrected himself immediately. "No, No!" he said, "Daddy says bad words, but I mustn't." In families where one parent uses profanity it is difficult for the other parent to teach the children that this is wrong, and at the same time to help them maintain their respect for the offender.

—RNS

Your Children Are Listening

by Verdia Burke

This article serves as a reminder to parents to watch their language, their dispositions and their attitudes toward each other. Because children are influenced by the language and attitudes of their parents, a home where good spirits and cheerful conversation prevail contributes greatly to the happiness and wholesomeness of the children's personalities.

WE SAT VISITING, the mother and I, but with frequent interruptions as she turned to scold her small daughter playing near by. Although this mother is above average in education and intelligence, one would never have guessed it by the manner in which she spoke to her own little girl. "Stop that now. If you tear that magazine, I'll spank you!" . . . "Don't walk on your doll blanket. Santa will never bring you another thing!" . . . "You'd better be-

have if you know what's good for you!" These and similar threats were fairly shouted at the child from time to time. If even I quailed inwardly at these harsh words, what must have been their effect on the sensitive spirit of a little child?

It is true that Mary did what she was told when spoken to in this loud, rude way, but might not a request, quietly and firmly made, have been just as effective? Children soon learn to recognize the kind of voice Mother uses when she means to be obeyed, regardless of whether her tones are loud or soft.

This mother, like many others, had become overburdened with social affairs, clubs, and household duties. Frayed nerves were the result, making her irritable and impatient with her own child. Likewise many fathers, absorbed in their work throughout a long

day, come home tired and edgy, scolding their children at the least provocation. According to Winston Churchill, the test of the character of a man is to be found in what he does when he is tired. Many people, however, would not rate too high in such a test.

The remedy is to slow down and reduce fatigue and nervous tension by eliminating the less important activities. Mother should give up some of her clubs and also her ambition to be a perfect housekeeper. And since "man does not live by bread alone," Father should not devote all his time and attention to making money. Parents who put first things first will see to it that their attitudes and words help to make the kind of home in which their children can develop wholesome Christian personalities.

Many parents speak ill-temperedly not only to their children but

also to each other. Their quarrel-
ing creates an unhealthy emotional
atmosphere for the whole family.
This statement is borne out by the
results of a recent study. Ques-
tionnaires filled out anonymously
by several thousand high school
students in nine states showed that
one-third of the nation's parents
engage in family quarrels which
have disquieting and unhealthy
effects upon the children. As
further evidence of family friction,
witness the mounting divorce rate.
Because of wrangling parents,
hosts of children today cannot de-
fine the word, "home," as one
schoolboy did when he said, "It's
a place we like to be in."

It should be recognized, of
course, that no two persons are
likely to agree on everything. Even
Christian parents sometimes resort
to more or less heated arguments.
Although these may not seriously
affect the parents, such disagree-
ments, when heard by children,
may be definitely detrimental to
their nervous and emotional stabil-
ity. They are confused, uncer-
tain. How are they to know what
is right when even Father and
Mother do not agree on it? Par-
ents who properly consider their
children's welfare will wait until
the end of the day or some other
time when they can be alone to
discuss their differences.

The waiting has another ad-
vantage. What looked like a para-
mount issue at first may later seem
so trivial as not to be worth an
argument. The whole situation
can be viewed objectively and dis-
cussed without rancor. Thus will
develop the virtues of Christian
patience, self-control, tolerance,
cheerfulness, resulting in a hap-
pier home.

Not only sharp words but swear-
ing is heard in many homes today.
No longer is this habit confined to
"mule skinnners" and "fishwives"
but it is indulged in even by some

who regard themselves as good par-
ents. There was a time when it
was considered ungentlemanly to
swear in the presence of ladies.
Now the "ladies" themselves have
taken it up, mothers included. It
is said that the modern woman
bursts into profanity instead of
tears. Sadly enough, many chil-
dren learn profane words from
both father and mother.

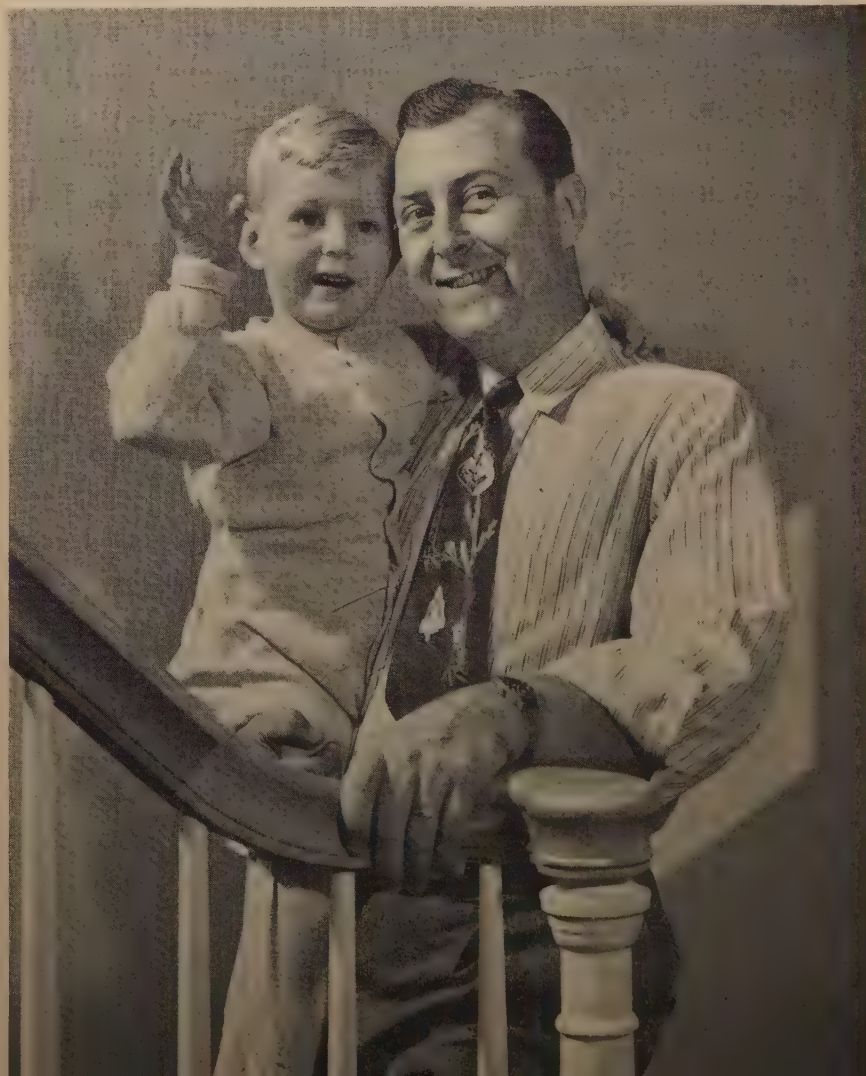
One mother who still considers
herself a good church member was
embarrassed to hear her young
daughter swearing at another child
in the church school nursery. The
daughter was only repeating words
she had heard her mother say. In
another family where only the fa-
ther used profanity, the mother
forbade the little boy to "say such
bad words even if Daddy does."
Later when Tommy became exas-
perated with a toy, the swear
words slipped out. "No, no!" he
corrected himself immediately.
"Daddy says bad words, but I

mustn't." Under such circum-
stances, how can Tommy have the
respect and admiration for his
father that every child should have
for his parents?

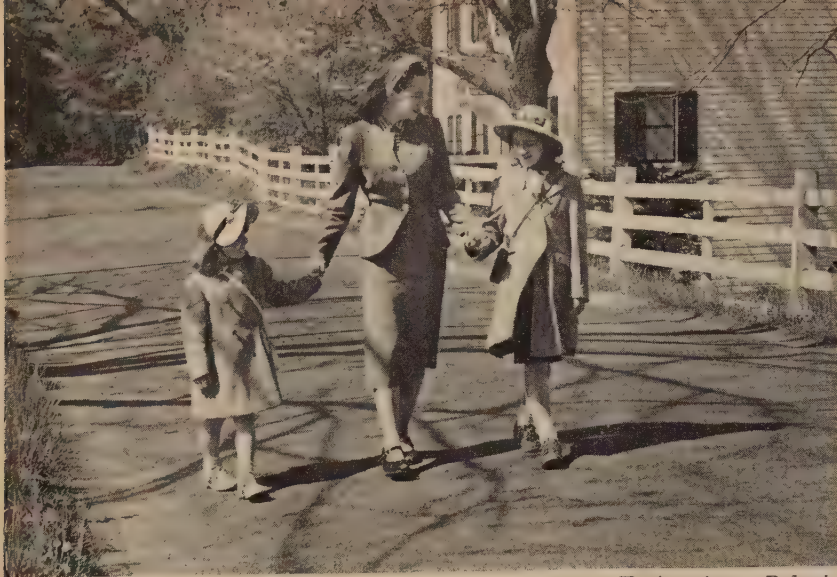
And how can children learn rev-
erence for God when they hear his
name used irreverently? The Third
Commandment, like all the rest, is
not right just because it is in the
Bible; but it is in the Bible because
it is right. Parents who break this
commandment are guilty of teach-
ing a wrong attitude toward God,
as well as cheapening and coarsen-
ing their children's habits of
speech. Even when an occasion
demands strong words, as some-
times happens, surely there are
enough clean, decent, forceful ex-
pressions in the English language
that can be used effectively—and
even more effectively than oaths.

That children copy the attitudes
and language patterns of their par-
ents should cause fathers and
mothers to realize the importance

—Harold M. Lambert



Too many fathers come home tired
from work, and are cross with
their children. Parents should un-
derstand "that their attitudes and
words help to make the kind of
home in which their children can
develop wholesome Christian per-
sonalities."



—H. Armstrong Roberts

When the mother of the family is overburdened with social affairs, clubs, and household duties, time to spend with her children is scarce. Worse, she is often irritable and impatient with them, thereby depriving these young personalities of the sense of well-being so necessary for their proper development.

of setting a good example. It is amazing what children's play will reveal to parents about themselves. "Stop it this minute," storms little Betty, shaking her doll angrily at its imaginary misdeed and echoing her mother's words and very tones of voice. Where there is more than one child, parents may overhear their own angry words repeated in their children's quarreling. They may even get some "back-talk" that sounds strangely familiar. Children are highly imitative; parents must be what they want their children to be.

Furthermore, parents should realize that habits formed in childhood are likely to endure throughout life and in turn even be handed down to descendants yet unborn. Yes, "the sins of the fathers" in giving voice to ugly expressions and profane words may "be visited upon the children even to the third generation." On the other hand, a legacy of pure, kindly speech is one of the greatest blessings that can be bequeathed to posterity.

Even a child's health may be affected by the kind of talk he hears in the home. Contentions between parents and unreasonable scoldings cause children to lose a feeling of security which is a basic need in the development of a normal healthy personality. The lack of this "sense of belonging," psy-

chologists say, often lays the foundation for mental ill-health in later life. Strangely enough, many parents who are most careful to provide good medical care for their children inflict deep injuries on their minds and spirits every day. Too much emotional conflict may affect the child, even physically, his distraught nerves causing poor appetite, indigestion, and disturbed sleep. "A merry heart doeth good like a medicine," runs the proverb, "but a broken spirit drieth the bones."

Important, too, are the memories of early experiences. We remember our childhood home as long as we live. If pleasant conversation, poise, and peace characterized that early home, these memories bring us life-long joy. But to remember faultfinding parents, rude talk, and bitter blasphemous words can make for only unhappiness. How fortunate the person who can say, "From the home of my childhood, I have brought only happy memories."

A home where good spirits and cheerful conversation prevail is especially important in these times of world strife and tension. If the home is a battle ground, where then can peace be found? Everyone (especially children) needs the kind of home that will serve as a haven from the turmoil all around. Says Leland Foster Wood

in one of his Beatitudes for Families:

"Happy is the family
Whose home has the light
Of love and a cheerful spirit.

"For a smile in the morning
Is the beginning of a happy day
And kind words at the breakfast
table
Carry their influence through
many hours.

"Pleasant experiences in the home
Spread so far in the world out-
side
That a home of kindness and un-
derstanding
Is the beginning of a world at
peace."*

Once when traveling during World War II, I read this warning posted in a train coach, "Pipe down, soldier, Berlin's listening." A paraphrase of this admonition might well be given to parents. "Pipe down, parents, your children are listening." If parents would heed this advice, homes would become more peaceful and thus spread abroad their influence for peace in the world.

But excuses are made. "I know I get irritated easily," some parents confess, "but it's just my nature and I can't help it. I blow up and then say things I'm sorry for later." Well then, be sure to say you are sorry. That will help, and if you really mean what you say you will try to avoid a repetition of such outbursts in the future.

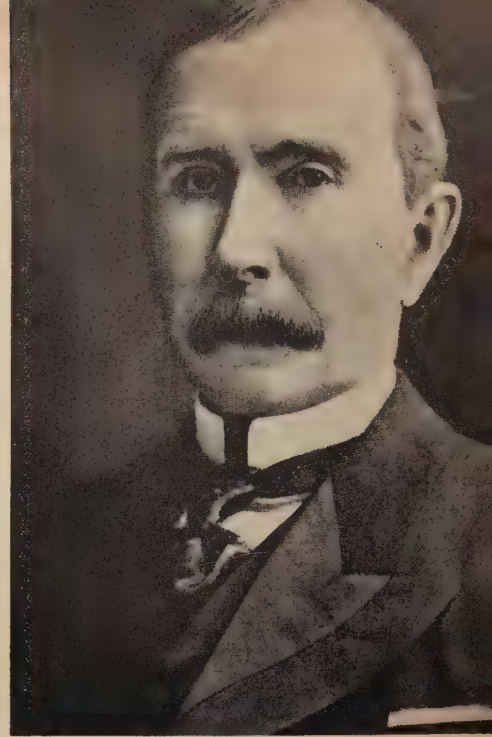
Though it may not be easy, serenity and self-control can be developed. But you must determine to do so and discipline yourself to that end. Try to take a charitable view of others' faults, including your children's, remembering that you, too, are not perfect. When you meet an annoying situation, remind yourself that no one can always have things to suit him. To get a sense of proportion will also help by keeping trivial matters from looming too large. And then, too, you must make up your

(Continued on page 31.)

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"To Work, to Save and to Give"

by Grace Goodman



John D. Rockefeller in 1888

It was a chilly morning in the fall of 1852. A tall, well-built, rather handsome man, clad in a fashionable suit and sporting a large diamond stickpin at his neck, drove his tired horse into his backyard near Owego, New York. Doc Rockefeller was home again.

A boy who had been milking the cow ran to the house, calling, "Father's home! Father's home!" And a teen-age girl, two younger boys, and a little girl spilled out of the house to welcome him, while his wife waited, smiling, in the doorway. Their joyful reunion was a swift one, however; the boys had to be at school by 8:30, and it was not their custom to be late.

A few minutes later, the young milker, John Davison Rockefeller, started down the River Road on his way to Owego Academy, three miles from his suburban home. He was a diligent, if not brilliant, scholar, enjoying and excelling in mathematics. John was serious and thoughtful, mature beyond his thirteen years. Already he had felt the responsibilities of being the man of the house while his father was off on some mysterious journey.

His father, William Avery Rockefeller, was a traveling "doctor," selling patent medicine to Indians and frontier settlers. He also engaged in money lending, horse-trading, land speculation, and timber-selling, and often boasted that he had never been bested in a deal.

Since his "profession" was better carried on in the frontier regions, he was forced to be away from his New York State home for long periods of time. These long absences, and the way he returned with full pockets and extravagant tales, made his neighbors somewhat suspicious of him. But everybody liked Big Bill—you could not help but admire his stalwart physique, his gay spirits, his cleverness at

shooting and games, and his sense of civic responsibility.

It was Bill Rockefeller who had headed the drive for the new school in his former home of Moravia; it was Bill Rockefeller who went ahead and stocked the lake with pickerel while the other men were still talking about doing it; it was Bill Rockefeller who was called upon to collect the school taxes.

But it was also Bill Rockefeller who loaned money at ten per cent and foreclosed promptly if it was not repaid. He was a shrewd businessman, who wanted his sons to be the same. For this reason he began early to bargain with them; to buy and sell small articles with them, and, if he could, to get the best of them in a deal. He once said: "I cheat my boys every chance I get. I want to make 'em sharp. I trade with the boys and skin 'em and I just beat 'em every time I can. I want to make 'em sharp."

He himself had prospered; when he came home from a business trip, he would pay all the accumulated bills in one lump payment. Once this came to over a thousand dollars, quite a sum for the 1850's! And his children adored him. John D. said later: "To my father I owe a great debt in that he himself trained me to practical ways . . . he taught me the principles and methods of business."

In contrast to their easygoing, fun-loving father, Elizabeth Davison Rockefeller must have seemed stern and cold to her children. The daughter of a prosperous Scotch farmer, Eliza had met and married the dashing young peddler without her father's blessing; in fact, legend has it that he would have forbidden the marriage if he had had the power, but Eliza was twenty-three at the time and legally free.

Her husband took her to his fifty-acre farm, where she bore him three children in four years. Then they moved to the little farming community of Moravia.

John D.'s Parents



Eliza Davison Rockefeller

(Photographs reproduced from JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER, by Allan Nevins, Charles Scribner's Sons, by special permission of the publisher)

William Avery Rockefeller



where three more children were born, and the youngest girl died. With Bill away much of the time, Eliza had to manage the farm, the hired hands, the maid, and her five children. It is no wonder she found it necessary to be strict.

John recalled that once during a whipping he convinced his mother that he was innocent of the offense for which he was being punished. She replied: "Very well, son. But we have gone so far that we may as well proceed. It will be credited for your account the next time."

Another time, John and his younger brother Will were out skating on the river at night, a practice which had been strictly forbidden. While there, they heard cries for help, and discovered a playmate who had fallen through the ice. John succeeded in rescuing him, and the boys decided that since they had saved a life, it would be safe to tell their mother. She rejoiced with them, then promptly whipped them for disobedience!

Eliza had the children do their share of the work. For example, John and Will each had half of the kitchen garden to water, cultivate, and clear of weeds.

She also encouraged the boys to earn what money they could. John's first business venture was raising turkey chicks to sell—a project which his mother had suggested to him. And what he earned, he saved. By the time he was thirteen, he had enough money to be able to lend a neighboring farmer \$50.00 (at seven per cent interest, of course), again at his mother's suggestion.

Eliza was a devoted Christian, who early trained her children to go to Sunday school and church with her. The daily Bible-reading was not neglected. From the time he began to earn money, John was encouraged to give to the church. "From the beginning," he said, "I was trained to work, to save, and to give." That this early training stayed with him is evident in the way he set up the Rockefeller Foundation and other philanthropic organizations later in his life. Eventually he gave away over \$530,000,000, a good percentage of it to church projects.

That his youthful training stayed with him is also shown by the fact that when John went to Cleveland to finish high school and start his first job, he sought out the Erie Street Baptist Church and attended it faithfully. At the age of eighteen, he became a trustee, and he was made head of the mortgage-raising committee soon after. This fusion of his father's training in business and his mother's influence in religion is often evident.

When John was eleven, the family had moved from Moravia to the near-by city of Owego, where the boys finished grade school at the Owego Academy. Two years later, the Rockefellers made another move, this time to a farm near Strongsville, Ohio, a small town about thirteen miles from Cleveland, Ohio. John and his brother William went to Central High School in the city, boarding in town during the week and occasionally coming home on week ends.

(Continued on page 31.)

Short and Sweet VACATIONS

by Esther Miller Payler

WE CAN'T afford a trip this summer," groaned a young mother. "We just won't have a vacation at all!" Perhaps there are many others who cannot take a trip this summer, but everyone can have not only one, but many vacations. They won't cost much money—just thought and ingenuity. These vacations may not be trips to faraway places, but they can be just as enjoyable as if they were.

When asked for advice, George Washington Carver said, "Begin where you are. Use what you have." This advice might well apply to any family who wants and needs a vacation. If the mother will follow this advice enthusiastically, she can soon get cooperation from the other members of her family. "Begin where you are," would mean that first of all you want to see what you have right at home, in your neighborhood or city. Often we do not "see" what we are accustomed to. Vacation is a time for relaxation, change, and refreshment. Look at your surroundings, really look, and you may be surprised to find many possibilities for a real vacation right where you are.

"Use what you have" belongs right along with the first part of the advice. You may have all kinds of resources for a real vacation right under your nose. May-

be you have a picnic table and an outdoor grill which is not used as much as it could be. Perhaps you are not working to capacity the labor-saving devices which you have and which could give you more time. Could it be that you are not sharing the responsibilities and work of the family, but doing

more than your share yourself? "Many hands make light work" for all, instead of a burden to one.

One family, making an inventory of places to go in their own city, found a Natural History Museum which they had never visited. When they did finally go there, they found it fascinating. One of

—Harold M. Lambert



The best vacations are often those which require the least time and expense. Here, father and son find relaxation, a change of scenery, and plenty of good fresh air in what is probably only a day's excursion. "The more interests you and your family have, the more vacations, even if they are brief, the happier and healthier you will be and much easier to get along with."



—Eva Luoma

the boys has started a rock collection and is reading books on geology as a result of their repeated visits to this place they had overlooked.

Undoubtedly, there are places of historic interest and natural beauty near your home, which you have not seen. Day or half-day trips to these places make good vacations, even if brief. People from all over the country go to visit the Bok Singing Tower in Florida. Yet a family living within ten miles for ten years has not been there.

Vacations need not be confined to summer. They can be scattered throughout the year like bright threads in a tapestry.

No matter how busy you are as a mother and homemaker, with children and home demanding attention, each day you need an island of aloneness and change if you wish to keep efficient and serene for all the demands of your days. If you can spare only ten minutes, take it. You will more

than make it up in your working time, for this breathing spell will give you a second wind.

Roger W. Babson, internationally known statistician, says in an article that he takes a brief nap and twenty minutes of quiet worship in the middle of his busy days. He finds faith and power in this lull.

When her other children are in school and the baby is taking his morning nap, Emma puts her work aside for half an hour and reads her favorite magazines and books. For the rest of the day she has refreshing thoughts and does not dwell on petty grievances.

In the morning before Mary begins her work, and after her children and husband are gone, she

Work on a collection or a hobby of any kind will give you the change you need to keep you efficient and serene for your many duties.

Often, we ignore scenic beauty near our own home or city. Why not make a "vacation" of a trip to the near-by countryside where you may appreciate for the first time that which has gone unnoticed, perhaps for years.

studies her church school lesson. She finds these daily quarter-hours much better than a longer hard-to-spare time. These short vacations take her away from household cares.

Ada digs in her garden a little each day during school vacation and her children help. When there is no outdoor garden, she works with her house plants and studies seed catalogs and garden books.

A mother with all her children in school spends two afternoons a week making calls for the church. She is rendering a service and saving the church from paying to have this done. She finds rest from her housework in the change and contacts with others.

A grandmother, who baby-sits many evenings, works on quilts as she does so. These quilts are used by church institutions to whom she gives them. This is relaxing

(Continued on page 28)

—RNS



with Young Children

A WORD TO PARENTS

The materials on this page and on the next two pages are for your use in moments of worship with your children. If you have a family worship service daily in your home, some of the materials here may be used at that time. If you use *Secret Place*, you may find that some of them fit into the meditations in that booklet.

Or, if you and your child have quiet moments together, apart from the regular family worship, the poems, songs and other materials given here may help you share an experience of worship.

Some of the poems, songs and prayers suggested here are from the graded church school materials. If your church uses these materials, your child will have brought home the books or leaflets in which these poems and other materials appear. He will enjoy using these with you at home.

The worship resources given here are divided into three sections: (a) for the 3-year-olds, (b) for the 4- and 5-year-olds; (c) for the 6-, 7-, and 8-year-olds. Should your child want to make his own book of devotions, cut, or let your child cut, along the colored border of each small page. He may paste each of these pages into a loose-leaf or spiral notebook, or on sheets of paper of uniform size which he can tie together with a ribbon.

It is hoped that the materials on these pages will help you as you guide your child in worship experiences.

To Use with Children Three Years Old . . .

Theme for July: **TEACH US TO PRAY**

Pray then like this:

*Our Father who art in heaven,
Hallowed be thy name.*

*Thy kingdom come,
Thy will be done,*

*On earth as it is in heaven.
Give us this day our daily bread;
And forgive us our debts,*

As we also have forgiven our debtors;

*And lead us not into temptation,
But deliver us from evil.*

For if you forgive men their trespasses, your heavenly Father also will forgive you; but if you do not forgive men their trespasses, neither will your Father forgive your trespasses.

—MATTHEW 6:9-15.

This prayer, which Jesus used in the long ago to help teach his disciples how to pray, has been used through the ages both as a prayer and as a pattern and guide for other prayers. Just as Jesus felt the need and desire for praying to God, the Father, we, today, need the strength, power and contact with God, which comes through prayer.

We have the opportunity to help our children, even when they are only three years old, to begin to know how to pray and to begin to develop a vital prayer life.

This can be done by making our own prayer life as meaningful as possible. That would mean there probably would be regular times for praying, such as at mealtime, at bedtime, or at the family worship period. Let the children become accustomed to seeing their parents at prayer.

At other times when you and your three-year-old have shared a happy experience, voice a simple expression of prayer such as "We are glad for happy times," "We are glad for good times at home," and the like. As your child grows older, he will be able to voice his own prayers, in his own words.

Just as Jesus in the long ago taught his disciples to pray, we must teach our children to pray. If we have not already started, today is the time to begin.

—Eva Luoma



To Use with Children Four and Five Years Old . . .

(Cut along the broken lines and paste each small page into your own book about God's love and care.)

OUR FATHER

It is good to give thanks to the LORD.

—PSALM 92:1.

Prayer

God, our Father, I am glad that Jesus said that you love us as a good father loves his children. I am glad that you love your children everywhere. Amen.

THANKS FOR FOOD

It is good to give thanks to the LORD.

—PSALM 92:1.

Prayer

God, our Father, we are glad for the rich soil and for seeds to plant to grow food. We are glad you planned for sunshine and rain to help the seeds to grow. We are glad men work for you by taking care of gardens and crops so that we can have good food to eat. Thank you, God, for food. Amen.

MY PRAYER

It is good to give thanks to the LORD.

—PSALM 92:1.

Prayer

God of beauty, God of right,
Please be with me through the night.
I thank you for the day that's done,
And for the strength to play and run.
I thank you for my toys so bright.
Help me to share and do what's right.
Take care of Mommy, Daddy, too,
And all my friends, I pray to you.
Amen.

—DONALD W. STIPP

A PRAYER WHEN I AM SORRY

Prayer

Dear God, it is hard to say "I am sorry" when I have been unkind or when I have hurt someone. It is hard for me to smile and say "That's OK" when someone has been unkind to me. Please help me, God, to say "I am sorry" when I have been unkind. Please help me to say "That's OK" when my friend is sorry for being unkind to me. Help me always to be kind and friendly. Amen.

To Use with Boys and Girls Six, Seven and Eight Years Old . . .

(Cut along the broken lines and paste each small page into your own book of devotions.)

OUR FATHER

It is good to give thanks to the LORD.

—PSALM 92:1.

Prayer

God, our Father, we know that we can call you father because Jesus said that you love us as a good father loves his children. Help us to remember that you are the father of all people and that you love us all. Amen.

GIVE US . . . OUR DAILY BREAD

Prayer

God, our Father, we are glad you planned for life and growth, for seeds and soil, sunshine and rain, and men to work to help plants grow so that people have food to eat. Thank you for good food. Help us to find ways to share the food we have so that no one will be hungry.

THY WILL BE DONE

Prayer

Dear God, we know that you want all people everywhere to love one another, to be kind to each other and to live in peace together. When we show love to each other here at home, at church, at school and in our town, we are helping to make the world more peaceful and more like you want it to be. Help us to remember to be kind and thoughtful, and to live happily together. Amen.

FORGIVE US

Prayer

Dear God, sometimes we do things that are wrong and then we are sorry. Help us to be brave enough to say we are sorry. Sometimes our friends or playmates or parents or others hurt us and then they are sorry. Help us to forget when others hurt us. Help us to keep on being friendly and kind, even when it is hard to do. Amen.

Children NEED

by Dorothy B. Meister

You will find it easier to fulfill your duties as a parent, if you can learn to project yourself into the frame of reference of your child and thereby come closer to understanding his feelings and actions. To feel secure, a child must receive continuing reassurance and encouragement from his parents which they can give only if they understand his needs.

THE CARTERS' DINNER TABLE became the setting for an increasingly familiar form of conflict.

Ten-year-old Dick appealed to his father, "But, Dad, I waited for you to take me! All the boys say it's a good show."

"Just another movie," his father expostulated, rising from the table. "I'm too tired tonight. Now that ends it, son."

Escaping to his den with newspaper and cigar, Mr. Carter dismissed the incident with some sense of guilt, for earlier in the month he had excused himself in a like fashion from attending a Scout court of honor and a baseball game of Dick's cherished league.

Rebellious and hurt, Dick stormed to his room and cried. Later, he teased his sister until she, too, was in tears, then argued about going to bed.

"Whatever is the matter with that boy!" worried Dick's mother. "His father is away all week, yet Dick acts up as soon as he comes home. He's losing interest in Scouts and baseball, too."

"You and Dad don't care about

me," accused Dick. "You won't let me do anything I want to do." The real reason was hidden, even from himself. And hidden from Dick's father was his role as a responsible parent.

Many families find themselves deadlocked in similar situations. Starting as little matters, these situations reflect a far deeper problem and produce a widening gap between parent and child. Fathers like Mr. Carter are called "a cross between an absentee landlord and an occasional guest." Harassed by the business world, they sometimes altogether abandon their vital role as parents.

The growing child desperately needs parents who can help him to develop a feeling of personal adequacy as an individual.

Constructive family relationships rest on a lasting feeling of genuine affection and sincere concern for the viewpoint of each member, making him feel surrounded by an atmosphere of "caring," or love.

Down the block, Bob West presented his family with the same suggestion Dick Carter proposed at his family's dinner table.

Mrs. West suggested, "Why don't we all go to see the movie? The reviews have been favorable."

"Let's do!" Sister reacted delightedly.

"Three against one!" said Mr. West in mock dismay. "This picture will call for a powwow afterward."

After the movie, the West family had cocoa and cake before retiring. Their customary "powwow" consisted of hashing over the evening's entertainment.

"I see what you mean, Dad," Bob conceded. "A really good athlete wouldn't get mixed up in bad living, not if he had a decent home life. But the acting was tops."

"There were important truths in that movie, even if it had a weak plot," Mr. West pointed out. "It was well worth seeing."

Bob gained new standards of judgment by discussing the movie with his parents. He gained added respect for his father's ideas and a sense of family sharing which was denied to Dick Carter.

Even small children, treated as "little folk," respond well to the habit of talking over matters important to them.

"I going to cut bunny's ears off," a three-year-old stated, waving his mother's sewing shears over his toy bunny.

"If you do, your bunny won't hear you when you sing him to sleep. Poor bunny!" his mother warned calmly.

The boy carefully laid the dangerous scissors down. "Poor bunny, I won't cut off your ears. I love you, bunny. Don't you know that, bunny?"

"Good boy," his mother approved, quietly removing the sharp-pointed weapon. Her son beamed at the words of praise.

Snatching the scissors and spanking the child, another mother might have produced greater breaches of conduct later. "Empathy," or a way of putting ourselves into the child's "frame of reference," as the psychologists call it, will make understanding parents, even of the uneducated.

Understanding Parents

Study Article and Study Guide

To achieve this understanding, parents can learn to form habits of looking beneath the surface in judging their children's often innocent actions. No special techniques of psychology need be involved. Sympathy, appreciation, and respect for a child's problem, and mastery of self in dealing with it. These are marks of increasing maturity in the parent.

Parents have a high calling. By patience and effort, they win the sort of love from their children that is worth while. They lose it by lack of understanding. To be successful, they show the kind of

loving discipline that changes commands into suggestions, and suggestions into ideas. Security in his parents' love is essential for a child's adjustment to life in general and to the specific development of his total personality.

Both parents must cooperate in this effort, for one-sided parenthood is crippling.

The word "discipline" has its roots in the word "disciple." And children truly are "disciples" of both parents, good or bad though they may be.

"And Jesus advanced in stature and in wisdom, and in favor with

God and man." Fortunate are parents who, from the start of parenthood, embrace this ideal of growth.

All parents know that children need to grow physically. It is relatively easy nowadays for them to give their children diets containing proper amounts of meat, eggs, orange juice, green vegetables, and milk. They prohibit excesses of sugar and send their little ones to doctors and dentists for regular check-ups. Under such wise care, boys and girls grow stronger and taller.

Not as many parents are aware of the child's need to grow in mental maturity, or wisdom. Parents, to be really understanding, must meet this need as consistently as they plan diets. For it is in the home that the human being first develops attitudes that make a difference in his life.

Here, the child interacts intimately with others. If the home is sympathetic toward his growing curiosity, he will nurture feelings, not of rejection, but of belongingness.

Just as eating three eggs, a half cup of milk, some butter and seasonings is not the same as eating an omelet, incomplete learning is not satisfactory for a child. Parents must carry through the kind of learning that they want their children to have. For instance, saying, "I don't know," to a child's questioning, is better

In the home, "the child interacts intimately with others. If the home is sympathetic toward his growing curiosity, he will nurture feelings, not of rejection, but of belongingness."

—Lil and Al Bloom



than not answering at all. Better still is the effort to point the direction by saying, "I don't know, but maybe we can find out." For whatever answer is sought, it must be shared to be enjoyed beneficially.

A boon to many parents is the encyclopedia. Also, parents with trained church background find the family Bible their richest source of truths.

Many effective answers that "stick" in life situations, for even the smallest family member, come from play activities that develop skill with clay, paintbrush, or other materials. Whether hiking in the woods or planting a garden, parent and child reach a high point of understanding by the mere act of doing things together.

The question "What is God?" stumps most parents at one time or another. Jimmy's father used it as a starting point in his son's spiritual growth and in his own thinking.

Looking at a tiny seed that he held in his hand one day, he gave it to Jimmy to plant, saying, "Son, in that seed is a new life, the life of a flower. If we bury it in the earth and water it, it will grow. I can't tell you the secret that makes the flower grow. But it is a great power. Your mother and I call the source of that power God."

From his early absorption with the first moist, green shoot, then the flower, Jimmy's questing carried over into many fields, including astronomy. One evening, as he and his parents looked upward at the stars, his father repeated the verse, "The heavens declare the glory of God; and the firmament showeth His handiwork. Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night showeth knowledge."

After a pause, Jimmy spoke with awe and reverence, "Dad, the more we don't know about God, the more we find Him all around us." Jimmy was truly growing "in favor with God."

Praise from the lips of his loved ones makes a child feel that his life is worth something. For parents to make a child feel that they love and approve of him at

all times, even though they may not like everything he does, is an art. Parents do not learn this art overnight. It must be cultivated. It is a gentle but firm method of helping a child to build up his own controls and to build them into his life.

Parents need to show respect for a child in order to gain respect as parents. The give and take of ideas is an essential part of family living. The household where Tommy may be seen—and indeed, shown off—but not heard, is not a happy one. Tommy may grow up to be shy and uncertain. Or he may grow up to scorn those whose ideas do not agree with his!

STUDY GUIDE

Leader's Preparation:

1. Remind those who will be present at the meeting to read the article so that specific areas of thought may be touched upon during the evening discussion. For instance, emotional conflict in the home and its outcome; the right kind of discipline for growth; fears and how to dispel them; hospitality in the home and the forms it may take for small children; "growing upward and outward" in social ways through the school and church.

2. Efforts might be made to sponsor this as a "pop" session for parents. Invitations might be sent out well in advance to Mom and Dad. Intermediate girls might be encouraged to offer their services, gratis, as baby sitters while parents attend the study group. A suggestion box for questions to be discussed might be used to advantage.

3. Assignments for short book reviews could make this a more profitable evening for all. A favorite expression of parents is, "I wish I had found time to read that book when Tommy was younger. It would have helped so much."

Many parents do not read books helpful to them because they are bewildered by the array of literature aimed at them. Some parents are downright scornful, assuring themselves that a little "horse sense" carried their parents along the same road. Times have changed, and so have parents in many respects, so this philosophy is not always sound!

If several basically sound books are made available to husband-and-wife "teams," the reports they make at the group meeting will be helpful to those present who have not read the books themselves. Also, it will provide a splendid chance for group discussion, involving both agreement and disagreement. It may point up the fact that

Little children often display fears. The fear of falling and the fear of a loud noise are common to babies. But other fears often come from lack of security in their parents' love or because of adult thoughtlessness. Children to whom parents do not give a sane attitude toward death, for instance, are likely to develop morbid fears out of proportion to the natural event.

Marianne had been told about the dead tulip bulbs long before her puppy died. She knew that the tulip bulbs were sleeping until spring when they blossomed into beautiful flowers. Her mother

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When Children Come With You

Plan to have a leader who may:

Conduct a Story Hour. Stories illustrating Christian patriotism would be appropriate this month.

Guide in Making Articles. The summer months give children more time to make things and to develop worthwhile hobbies. Read the article, "Your Child Needs a Hobby," in this magazine. Other suggestions may be found in books such as *Holiday Craft and Fun* by Joseph Leeming, and *Here's How and When*, by Armilda Keiser.

Direct Games. Good books of games may be secured from your church or public library. *Games for Boys and Girls*, by E. O. Harbin, contains games for children of all ages.

Plan a Special Project. If you wish the children to have part in the observance of Freedom and Democracy Sunday and there is not time on Sunday, you might plan the emphasis for this hour. Disciple materials may be obtained by writing to Mrs. Ruth Milner, 222 S. Downey Avenue, Indianapolis 7, Indiana.

"techniques of psychology" are nothing more, in many cases, than parents' recognition of the role they play, unity of purpose, and application of Christian ideals.

4. If the group is large, it may break up after the reviews are given, forming small committees. These committees may draw up questions to be presented to a specific reviewer, or "expert," when the large group reassembles.

Plans for the Meeting:

Devotional period. The following scripture passages might be used: Matthew 18:1-2; Luke 2:52.

The books to be reviewed and a number of others from the near-by library may be displayed on a table. This would be an excellent time to display children's books in an effort to show parents the variety of materials available. The local book shop will usually cooperate in this type of study group.

Simple mimeographed ideas for entertaining the sick or handicapped child, the overactive child, or for answering stock questions of the curious child might be welcome to the parents present.

Questions that should be considered on the basis of the reading program may be briefly stated, as follows:

1. How can the problem of absentee parent, or parents, be handled so that the child does not develop a sense of rejection?

(Parents may be surprised to find that much of the absenteeism may be eliminated in the case of many mothers, who do not have a high enough opinion of their role as mothers to stay home and practice it. Also, that fathers, who are away much of the time, may study definite ways of overcoming this drawback to successful parenthood. Mothers, on the whole, have privileges denied to fathers. Witness the effect that a kitchen, filled with satisfying aromas, can have on a hungry child, bursting into the house after school!)

2. How can parents "make themselves over" so that they are truly understanding of their children's needs?

(Many parents will be happy to find that they are not the only ones beset with problems that try their patience and seem to make negative all their well-planned efforts to be "good" parents. Bedwetting, thumbsucking, Johnny's difficulties in getting along with the neighbors, and Mary's shy-

ness at school and her squabbling with brother at home all have a familiar ring. When parents can discuss even these simple problems with other parents, they are engaging in good group therapy.)

3. Why are Bob and Jane "good" at home and not "good" when they are away from home and "on their own"?

(Such a question is revealing, in many cases, of instances where controls are not built into a child's life. Often children are "good" at home from a sense of guilt, or because their controls have been imposed by force. This question tends to bring forth ideas on discipline. Husbands may find themselves at odds with their wives on the subject of what constitutes "discipline." Disagreement on this subject between parents is a definite weakness.)

4. What ways can parents use to grow more mature themselves?

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BIBLEGRAM

By Hilda E. Allen

DIRECTIONS: Guess the words defined below and write them over their numbered dashes. Then transfer each letter to the correspondingly numbered square in the pattern. The colored squares indicate word endings.

Reading from left to right, you will find that the filled pattern contains a selected quotation from the Bible.

A Green spots in the desert	130 114 65 121 33
B Lady in the Whitehouse	134 91 69 133 113
C Place to keep food	101 29 12 104 86 51
D Happy	97 124 36 129 38 105
E In one company or group	1 35 26 9 22 2 60 8
F Its capital is Boise	127 88 126 40 77
G The weeping tree	17 57 115 13 80 125
H A long dry spell	16 81 7 78 92 48 10
I To put a finger on	128 119 98 72 132
J The Halloween month	37 102 34 64 24 5 42
K An imaginary being, as an elf	44 18 30 112 76
L To daub, as with paint	107 58 103 52 131
M The one or the other	3 89 39 11 106 27
N Least	79 109 68 41 120 20
O A musical instrument, like a piccolo	62 116 32 100 49
P Call in a loud voice	118 14 61 85 70 46

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
	13	14	15	16		17	18	19	20	21	22
23		24	25		26	27	28	29	30	31	32
	34	35		36	37	38		39	40	41	42
44	45	46	47		48	49		50	51	52	53
55		56	57	58	59	60	61	62		63	64
65	66	67	68		69	70	71	72	73		74
	76	77	78		79	80	81		82	83	84
85	86	87	88		89	90		91		92	93
	95	96		97	98	99	100	101	102	103	104
105	106	107	108	109	110		111	112	113		114
116		117	118	119	120	121		122	123	124	125
126	127	128		129	130	131		132	133	134	

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Q Person who runs a flower shop	96 53 23 4 19 55 82
R Trigger and Silver, for instance	123 31 87 21 84 108
S Close-fitting jacket of thick cloth	71 43 50 6 47 15
T Speedy	56 111 90 63 73
U Fire, as a gun	59 66 93 75 117
V Sounded the horn	74 45 95 54 25 94
W That which is behind you when the sun is low before you	99 83 28 110 67 122

This Is the Way We Did It . . .

the Showoff

by Rosalie W. Doss



"What makes Ann act like that every time we have company?" asked my husband as he watched our five-year-old playing quietly after our guests had gone.

I had begun to wonder, too. Of late every time we had callers Ann went into her little act. And it was quite an act, put on for the sole purpose of making herself the center of attention.

She was quite successful in accomplishing this, but distressingly so. Ann interrupted when others were talking. If she was hushed, her voice only rose higher and higher. Then everyone was forced to stop until Ann had had her say. Or Ann would start a racing game around and around the chairs of our guests.

Ann, who was a sweet-natured child when she was in the bosom of her family, was fast becoming a little nuisance and a pest as soon as guests entered our door.

It was quite puzzling and embarrassing to have such a little showoff. And it certainly didn't help to put our callers at ease.

I watched Ann closely after this when we had visitors. Soon I realized something of which I had not been aware before. Quite unconsciously, my husband and I were leaving Ann out of company plans. Where we were a closely knit family in other matters, we completely ignored Ann where guests were concerned.

In all of our tasks around the house, Ann was always included. On wash day she carried the clothespin bag when I hung out the clothes. When her daddy raked leaves in the yard, she had the important job of putting the leaves in a big basket.

Ann was wanted and included in everything—except company! Then she was hushed and shoved into the back-

ground. She did the only thing a small child could do. By showing off, she was trying to remind us that she was there. She wanted to share our company with us as she did our daily tasks and family fun.

After that we began to prepare Ann when guests were expected. We told her who was coming and that she might help to make our guests welcome and comfortable.

If tea or coffee was to be served, Ann passed out the napkins. She also served such things as cookies or slices of cake.

I also fixed a "company play box." This box was put aside and taken out when company came. In the box were crayons, drawing paper, a tracing book, and several colored pencils. If our callers had small children with them, I saw to it that there was enough material in the box for Ann to share with the tiny guests.

Since this box was "special," Ann felt privileged to enjoy it when company came. She was encouraged to use the material to make gifts for the guests. So she drew pictures, one for each guest.

Not only did this keep Ann quiet and occupied while the adults visited with each other, but it also made her feel important. She was busy making a present for the guests to take home with them. And, of course, she was allowed to help wait on the guests when refreshments were served.

After this Ann felt a part of company plans. She no longer found it necessary to be a noisy showoff. She had her own special role to play in entertaining guests.

As a result, we now have a little girl who is a kind and thoughtful little hostess when we entertain guests. She is a joy to introduce to our friends. All it took was a little preparation and understanding on her parents' part.

7. Finally, almost everything in the way of Christian education in the home depends upon the faithful living out day by day of Christian principles. A life of consistent Christian living is the best teacher of Christianity. Dean Inge once said, "The worst enemies of Christianity are the Christians." Now this is important—if Christianity will not work where there are four or five people, in this little area of the home, how can we say we have something which will solve the ills of the community, the nation, the world?

The things we do—everything we do—become a part of the Christian education program of the home. Mom's bitter attitude toward her next-door neighbor; Dad's deep-seated prejudice against minorities—these attitudes are helping to mould John and Mary and Sue. They are learning that it is not a good idea really to love your neighbor after all.

It is equally true that often our actual deeds hit a higher level than our speech. Dad becomes the umpire of the baseball game. His son plays on one team. "You're out," he shouts to Johnny when Johnny rounds second without touching base. Johnny protests but Dad is adamant. He is just as surely teaching Christian principles there as if he were conducting a church school class. "Dad calls them as he sees them and he's as honest as can be." Thus Johnny learns good sportsmanship and honesty and integrity.

And these things are not really hard to do. It simply means being an honest Christian along life's way, day by day. It means letting your life say "amen" to your words and your profession.

John G. Paton, who became the great missionary to the New Hebrides, pointed out how tremendous was the influence of his father on his life. His father actually used to enter the closet to pray alone. Before doing so, he would drop his white handkerchief outside the closet door to witness to the fact that he did not want to be disturbed. Paton, however, often listened to his father pray. And one day out on the mission fields he paid this tribute to his father: "If everything in my religion were swept away, my soul would wander back to that sanctuary closet and I would hear my father speak with God. All doubt would be hurled back and I would say, 'He walked with God, why may not I?'"

Our Christian witness may not be the same. We may not do our praying in a dark closet. But at the same time, our absolute faith in God, our consistent Christian living, our lives saying "amen" to our worship will so influence the lives of our sons and daughters that they will say: "Truly, my parents walked with God, why may not I?"

Ticklefoot

by Lois O'Connor



TICKLEFOOT HOPPED OUT from under the step by the kitchen door. Ticklefoot was the fat, brown toad who often hopped about the farmhouse lawn and caught bugs in the garden.

He had been sleeping since early afternoon in the moist, cool hole where he lived under the kitchen doorstep and now the sun was a red ball dropping down behind the hill. Ticklefoot came out because he was hungry. Often there were bugs or flies buzzing about the kitchen door and he could catch a good dinner with his long, sticky tongue.

Ticklefoot stopped to listen. There *were* flies, he could hear the buzzing. Before he could take another hop there was a loud thump-thumping noise as Rusty, the family dog, raced around the corner of the house.

Ticklefoot did not want Rusty to find him. Once before, Rusty had pushed him with a rough paw and it had rolled Ticklefoot over and hurt him. So now Ticklefoot wanted to get out of Rusty's sight. He hopped back and started to dig a hole behind himself, as toads do. He dug the hole with his hind feet and backed into it. He backed farther and farther because he wanted the dirt to fall over his head and cover him.

Ticklefoot never looked around so he did not know that he was backing toward an open window. Suddenly he began to fall. He fell down and down, over and over, until ker-plump, where do you suppose he found himself?

Ticklefoot was in a deep, dark cellar. He lay very still for a time to rest from his fall. Then he slowly opened one eye. What he saw made his other eye fly open. He was not alone. There were five other toads in the cellar.

One small toad said, "We fell in through the window, too. The farmer took the window out so that the warm summer air could blow into this damp, musty cellar."

"This is an old cellar," said another toad. "How will we ever get out? The farmer doesn't come here very often. The window is

too high for us to hop out and the door is almost never opened."

Ticklefoot was not discouraged. He was a cheerful toad. "We will get out," he said. He wanted to think about it, so he hopped off to a cool corner and sat quietly.

The next day another toad fell in through the window. This made seven toads in the cellar. The newest toad began jumping against the wall. He bumped his head but he was so frightened that he kept right on jumping.

Ticklefoot, who was wise as well as cheerful, finally said to the new toad, "Don't do that. There are six more of us here and it isn't a bad place. There are plenty of bugs and worms to eat and the earth is cool and damp. We can be comfortable and content until a chance comes for us to get out."

Once in a while some of the toads grumbled about being kept in the cellar. Sometimes they could see it raining through the

cellar window and if it rained hard enough a few drops would splash down into the cellar.

"Just think how good it would feel to sit out in the rain again and to have the raindrops roll down your back," a toad would say. "I'm tired of this dark, old cellar. I want to get outside where I can sit in the rain or warm my back in the sunshine."

"Don't be impatient," Ticklefoot would tell them. "Someday we will get out. Suppose you were caught in a place where you couldn't find bugs to eat?"

Days went by. When the sun was very low, a warm patch of light came through the cellar window. Then Ticklefoot would remember the sun like a red ball and wonder if flies were buzzing about the farmhouse door.

One afternoon, as most of the toads were quiet and drowsy, Ticklefoot heard strange noises outside. There were voices and soft, scraping sounds.

Suddenly a burst of light filled the cellar. The doors were pulled open and Ticklefoot could see two little boys standing in the doorway. One of the boys was carrying a market basket.

The noise and the light roused the toads from their naps as one of the boys said, "We ought to find some toads in here for Granny Simms."

"Who is Granny Simms?" Ticklefoot wondered. He wondered, too, if something dreadful would happen to all of the toads or whether they could escape at last from the cellar.

Some of the toads, now wide awake and scared by the light and voices, started to hop and jump so fast the boys could not catch them.

"Be quiet," Ticklefoot said. "You may get hurt if you jump about so foolishly. Let the little boys pick you up."

The toads became quiet and the little boys picked them up very carefully and put them in the basket.

"Isn't he a fine fellow?" said one of the boys, as he picked up Ticklefoot, who was the fattest, brownest toad of all.

The boys carried the basket full of toads to Granny Simms who lived in a cottage up the road. Granny Simms was delighted. "Isn't this just fine," she said.

She then gently lifted the toads out of the basket and one by one set them down in comfortable spots along the rows of beets and carrots, lettuce, cabbage and other green plants.

"And you," said Granny Simms, picking up Ticklefoot, "I shall take you up into my flower garden because you are so round and brown."

So Ticklefoot went to live among Granny Simms's flower beds. Once in a while he hopped to the garden to visit with the other toads or they came up to visit him.

He sometimes wondered if there were still flies at the farmhouse door but he had so many juicy bugs in the flower garden that he never went back to find out.

BIBLEGRAM SOLUTION

"Therefore the LORD waits to be gracious to you, therefore he exalts himself to show mercy to you. For the LORD is a God of justice; blessed are all those who wait for him."—Isaiah 30:18.

The Words

A Oases	L Smear
B Mamie	M Either
C Icebox	N Fewest
D Joyful	O Flute
E Together	P Holler
F Idaho	Q Florist
G Willow	R Horses
H Drought	S Reefer
I Touch	T Hasty
J October	U Shoot
K Fairy	V Tooted
W Shadow	

A-Camping We Will Go

(Continued from page 6)

manpower increase enough to be equal to the situation, the woman power—never. By that time, Heath, always ingenious at improvising, had figured out an easier way to pitch the tent by throwing a rope attached to the top-center across an overhanging branch of a tree, and all of us heave-ho-ing. We were right about one thing—its roominess; but a ten-by-twelve size would be handier to pack, easier to manage and large enough for our needs.

Besides the tent, we bought a small gasoline camp stove, a lantern, a ten-gallon thermos jar, four canvas cots (left at home on later trips after we discovered that ticks filled with straw and placed on ground cloths next to the ground make more comfortable and warmer beds), several army blankets, a compact but complete first aid kit, and an extra length of rope for sundry unforeseen uses.

Each day of camping provides its own adventures: the exhilaration of an early morning hike; the tantalizing aroma of sizzling bacon; fishing in inviting lakes and streams; exploring in the woods, or following a stream along its winding course, to return to camp, inevitably weighed down with interesting rocks, cones, faggots, and the like—later to be reckoned with on the trip home; scrambling up a mountain side for the sheer joy of reaching its pinnacle or seeing the panoramic view from its top; idle hours of dozing or reading or daydreaming; chopping wood at the community woodpile for our campfire; hiking parties guided by ranger naturalists, and evening programs conducted by them in star-canopied outdoor amphitheaters—a succession of carefree, contented days and quiet, peaceful nights.

Moments for family worship occur many times each day. An intense awareness of the vastness, beauty, and wonder of the universe, and gratitude—sometimes spoken, sometimes too deep for words—to God the Creator are natural as together we watch the glory of a crimson sunrise or sunset; walk along shadowy, moss-carpeted forest aisles; stand in breathless awe before a waterfall, or the towering granite walls and cathedral spires of majestic mountains; or as, at dusk, we sit in happy reverie around our campfire, watching the flying sparks from its glowing embers and leaping flames.

We have camped numerous places. Each has held its own interest and excitement—As in Yellowstone, where a large, though friendly (we were told), bear sent shivers down our spines as it stumbled over our tent ropes on repeated midnight forays for food through the slumbering campground.

Three times we have returned to Glacier Basin, finding the fascination of the rugged region of vivid contrasts inexhaustible. Its tumble of towering, snow-capped ranges; rushing mountain

streams cascading down chasmed walls, to spill their torrents through foaming rapids, then fan quiet and crystal clear into lush valleys cradled on high plateaus; forest-fringed lakes as blue as the azure sky mirrored in perfection within its depths—infinite beauty everywhere.

No matter to what spot we have gone, all have had one quality in common—an open doorway to wholesome, genuine, unbeatable, unforgettable family vacation fun!

Vincent and the Science of Baseball

(Continued from page 9)

the skinny arm. Even Bob was a bit surprised. "I'll let you pitch a little after a while," he promised.

I conceded that Bob was fair, or else that bulge of muscle on the skinny little arm had earned for Vincent a big boy's reluctant respect.

The respect didn't last long, however. The game was almost over when Bob decided to give Vincent a chance to pitch. The score stood nine to nothing in favor of Bob's team. Vincent didn't even tremble. He walked to the pitcher's mound, made several gymnastic motions intending to be spectacular, and tried out his ball. It slammed into the stomach of the batter. There was enough force behind it to double him up. He finally straightened up and took first base.

"Get him out. Let Tommy pitch," shouted Bob's side.

"They can't change pitchers now. It's against the rules. Isn't it?" the other side appealed to me.

"We're just playing for fun," I said. Let him go on pitching."

Before the inning was over, the score was nine to seven. Bob's side was still ahead. Just then the bell rang and the game was over. Bob was furious.

"You play well," I told him calmly.

"We'd a-skunked them if we hadn't had to keep Vincent pitching. You and your pets!" He turned rudely and walked toward the schoolhouse ahead of me. His players walked with him—all except Vincent. Vincent stood alone in the field, swinging the cage thing in his hand. I went over to him although I knew it wasn't wise. He spoke before I was close to him.

"Something went wrong with my curve ball. I thought I had it. The book said—"

"It isn't just what the book said, Vincent. Pitching is an applied science. You must be able to do what you know you should do. Just knowing isn't enough."

"Yes," said Vincent, "that's the difficulty."

I turned and started toward the schoolhouse. Vincent ran ahead of me to join Bob and the rest of the team. I watched him, idly wondering how he found nerve enough to join them. That

(Continued on page 30)

After a visit by the grandchildren, your house will probably look a bit the worse for wear. If, however, you have planned activities which will direct youthful energy to wholesome fun, you and the children will part with mutual good-feeling. In this article, Roberta Fleming Roesch suggests a variety of interesting ways to entertain your grandchildren and at the same time get something accomplished yourself.

When It's Visiting Day at Grandma's

by Roberta Fleming Roesch

WHEN YOU GET UP in the morning on the day the grandchildren are scheduled to spend a few hours with you, do you sometimes find yourself wondering, "What will we do all day?"

If you are human, be honest. You *have* felt that way! (What grandmother has not at some time?) But if you will plan ahead of time, you will get through the day happily, for the following plans will bring rich rewards if you will give them a try in your home.

First, there is a beauty parlor game that small girls love, and it works constructively for you, for it gives you some good grooming time. Just watch your granddaughter take real delight pretending to work on her skin while you give yourself that facial you have wanted for so long. Pretend that you are both customers in a very elegant shop. The child's imagination will supply the background and props.

For the boys as well as the girls in your house, you might run a shoemaker's shop. Gather together

all shoes that need to be polished or cleaned, sort out your brushes, polish and cloths, and spread papers on the floor. Then pretend that all of you run a store and begin working on the shoes. The children's hands will get dirty. Their clothes will, too, but they will have fun for a while, and you will have accomplished a worth-while job.

There is a letter-writing activity that even small youngsters can do if you arm them with harmless

—Eva Luoma



"Letter writing" is one of many activities you may plan for visiting grandchildren which have the advantage of permitting you to accomplish something while the children are keeping busy. While most children will probably use a pencil, the young man pictured here seems to prefer the typewriter.

(Continued from page 23)

pencils and lots of paper and pads. Suggest the names of several friends. The children will take over from there, imitating the things you do as you catch up on letters you owe.

For more active play, collect the boxes your groceries come in from the store and keep them out of sight until the grandchildren come. Your little ones can spend hours climbing in and out, and your older ones will tie strings to the boxes and pull them around the house. Still older ones will be happy pretending to build with them—houses, garages, even a town if the boxes are plentiful.

Spools are another item that occupy little ones, so save a collection of empty ones along with some bright-colored yarn. When the proper time comes, the children can be amused by winding the yarn on the spools. After the spools are finished, get out old ribbon you have saved and help them make bracelets and necklaces by stringing spools on the ribbon.

When the children tire of this, get out a number of paper plates and an empty wastebasket. Put the basket in a central spot, a few feet from the children and you. Give each of the youngsters several plates, then let them go to work, tossing the plates toward the basket and seeing how many go in. Provide some competition by awarding prizes for this—one lollipop for a set number of plates, two pops for a greater number.

Always, of course, there is that cherished pastime, the inevitable "dress-up" game. But give this an extra charm at your house with really special "dress-up's." Save something the children call scrumptious—fancy hats and party clothes—to make it a festive occasion in the deeply loved "dress-up" world.

This "dress-up" game, however, will not do if your home is full of boys, so if that is the case try playing store with your pots and pans as the stock. Take all of them out of your closets, then shut your ears to the noise. And close your mind to the work you will have getting them back in again. After all, it will not take much time, and it is better than whining small fry! The children can be the clerks in the store, and you will be the customer and stop in to buy extravagantly whenever you pass the door. When the store is not busy with customers the children can do other things, like taking inventory and rearranging stock. When this is done, remind them good stores get a cleaning each day.

Lunch, too, can be made special, by pretending it is a picnic and giving it picnic airs. On a pantry shelf in your kitchen, keep paper plates and cups. Then all of you set a table with them wherever your picnic will be. Make plates of favorite sandwiches and end with a special treat—maybe cookies that you have just baked or a pudding that is extra good.

If your grandchildren all are little

girls, try having an afternoon tea. The children will play the hostess' role and you will be the guest. Tall glasses of milk will be a thrill if the milk is flavored with molasses, and tiny nutritious sandwiches will certainly be a hit. To give the "tea" party spirit, set a special table for it. A card table by a window will usually do the trick. Set it with paper doilies and add a candle or two, for this will be altogether safe since, as guest, you will be sitting right there. And the candlelight makes it a party! After it is over any small girl will be likely to exclaim, "Oh, Grandma, today's been such fun!"

In fact, any child is likely to exclaim, "Oh, Grandma, today's been such fun," if you will make it a point that in your house, there will be plans for the time when children come. It takes some imagination and work, but it adds up to happiness—good times for the youngsters, less worries for you, and warm, cherished memories for both.

Children Need Understanding Parents

(Continued from page 22)

compared the tulip bulb to a house where the real tulip lived. This led to a discussion of people's bodies as houses in which real people lived.

When Buff died, Marianne cried, then philosophized, "Buffy has left his house." A year later when her grandfather died, Marianne's grief, though genuine, did not bring with it fears that many children experience.

Fears of illness, losing their parents' love, or of darkness, animals or thunder are usually communicated fears. Wise parents conceal fears from which they themselves suffer.

A tired child, wanting a light in his bedroom, is reassured by the mother who leaves a night light burning and kisses him gently as she leaves. A few nights later, confident and secure, he turns the light off himself after saying his prayer, "Dear God, take care of all the baby bunnies the way Mommy says You take care of me."

At all ages, children need time to call their own, time to take stock of themselves. Alone with his thoughts, a child can learn to know himself and God. He can review his mistakes and make efforts to overcome them; he can sort out his longings and lay plans for the future. A wise parent recognizes this need.

Parents, maturing with their children, enlist the aid of church and school in bringing the home and social world together. They welcome friends into their home from every walk of life with genuine hospitality. Joyfully and consistently, they themselves set the example that enables their children to grow "up and out" as wholesome personalities.

(The church as a place where parents may deepen in awareness of their own needs, spiritually speaking, may be discussed. Participation in school and church activities widens a parent's contacts and adds to his development. Out of this discussion should come the understanding that a parent must have self-control, an ability to "pray and praise," as well as a sense of security as a parent.)

5. How can fears be dispelled when they have become deeply rooted? (Almost all fears, except in small babies, are symptoms of insecurity in the child's life. Specific references to this topic may be found in books reviewed. For instance, chapter IV of the book *Our Little Child Faces Life*, by Mary Clemens Odell, sympathetically offers some fine solutions to the small child's fears. Treatment of more serious fears, such as those occasioned by sudden death, is more difficult. Fears resulting from supposed loss of a parent's love may require the help of a psychiatrist or minister.)

Books Suggested for Review:

A husband-and-wife "team" may find it practical to read different chapters in the same book, and then exchange ideas. Certain chapters may be selected from some books that are exceptionally long.

1. *How to Help Your Child Grow Up*, by Angelo Patri. Rand McNally.

2. *Understanding Boys*, by Clarence G. Moser. Association Press.

3. *These Are Your Children*, Scott Foresman. (Excellent pictures.)

4. *Winning the Children*, by Gaines S. Dobbins. Broadman Press.

5. *Understand Your Child From 6 to 12*, by Clara Lambert. (This is a Public Affairs Pamphlet.)

6. *Our Children Today*. (This is a symposium of 26 authorities.) Viking Press.

7. *Johnny Goes to the Hospital*, by Josephine Abbott Sever. Houghton Mifflin. (This publication was produced for the Children's Hospital in Boston, Massachusetts, with Sydney S. Gellis, M.D., as a consultant. It handles with intelligence a very real problem faced by many parents.)

8. *Our Children and God*, by Mrs. Clarence Hamilton. Bobbs-Merrill. (All parents will derive a rich sense of fulfillment from this book. It makes clear the aim "For all children—faith in God.")

9. *The Recovery of Family Life*, by Elton and Pauline Trueblood. Harper and Brothers. (This husband-wife writing team offers the reader much food for thought. Parents who desire to grow in "understanding" will find chapter IV, "Responsible Fatherhood," and chapter V, "Sources of Family Strength," enlightening and provocative reading.)

Family Counselor

I FIND myself involved in a problem I would like some Christian guidance on. My husband and I have two sweet little daughters, ages four and six. We want to bring them up the best way we know how and we do like to encourage them to tell us the truth at all times and make them feel we can trust them. So far we have been succeeding, we think, but we have run into a problem with a neighbor child who is eight years old. She is the oldest of four children in that family. She likes to come over here, which is all right, but I find that all the time she is here I cannot relax and am tense and nervous. She is quite a bold and daring girl and perhaps that is why she is as she is. Every time she comes I repeat to them where they are forbidden to go and yet she waits until I am out of sight and encourages my girls to follow suit and go there and tells them, "Don't tell your mother." So whenever she is here, I find myself on edge and forever checking up on what they are doing and finding it necessary to scold a lot. Naturally it is no pleasure to have this girl visit, but what would you advise me to do? Should I tell this girl's mother or just try to discourage her visits as much as possible and hope time will help take care of this difficult stage? So far, I'll admit I have been following the course of discouraging her visits as much as possible.

What duties should an eight-year-old have to do at home? Don't you feel that she should have some responsibilities in her own home at that age? She seemingly is free to run as soon as her breakfast is eaten and some days is over visiting at rather early hours considering the fact that she has three younger brothers and sisters at home. Also, what can one expect in the way of manners in an eight-year-old? Shouldn't they at that age have developed a sense of respecting other people's homes so they aren't destructive? Maybe I am expecting too much from her but certainly would feel like taking her places with our girls if I didn't have to feel embarrassed with her presence, but she is so loud and noisy that I have ceased inviting her.

* * * * *

It is not at all surprising that you should find yourself irritated with the neighbor girl. I think possibly the situation might improve a bit if you would try out the following suggestions:

1. Try to avoid telling the children what not to do and where they must not go when the neighbor girl comes to play with them. Suggesting to children what they should *not* do not only suggests to them

what they might do, but also presents somewhat of a challenge to them. It is far better to be positive, to suggest some of the things they can do and where they can go, rather than to use the opposite approach. Furthermore, if in spite of this approach, they go where you wish they had not gone, neither you nor they will be quite so much on the defensive and you will not feel so obligated to scold. It will be much easier to redirect the children without scolding if you do not feel they have deliberately defied your instructions.

2. Remember that it will continue to be necessary to check up on the children from time to time, but try to think of yourself as a "guide" rather than a "spy." You will not expect them, of course, never to do that which calls for "redirection" on your part. Youngsters need guidance.

3. Try to get a bit closer to the neighbor child than it seems that you have. If she is older than your children, perhaps you can make something of that fact and give her the impression that you think of her as more of a "helper" than as a "nuisance." If you can find something that she can do to help you, either while you are cooking or working around the house, such as running the sweeper, it would give her a feeling of importance. In other words, try to get the girl to like you and try to like her yourself.

An eight-year-old is capable of having certain responsibilities in the home but she is likely to be rather careless with respect to them and will probably need to be reminded of them. She is beginning to learn some of the normal courtesies of life, but is likely to demonstrate them more away from home, or in a strange place, than in the home itself. It seems to me that, in your situation, you can quite properly insist that she must not be destructive in your home. You might help her learn to be more courteous, by having an ice-cream party for the children, letting them pretend that they are grownups who say "thank you" and "please" and who talk quietly at the table. When you take her on a trip, you can caution her against being loud and noisy, without at the same time expecting her to be absolutely quiet and "lady-like." If you build up a good relationship with her and she knows you like her, she should increasingly become a child you are happy to have in your home. But be patient and don't expect too much of her.

Donald M. Maynard

Vincent and the Science of Baseball

(Continued from page 26)

was how I saw what happened. Big Bob Malone kicked at Vincent savagely. The first kick struck his leg, the next the cage thing that went sailing over the field.

I ran over to the group. "That is enough, Bob," I told him firmly. "Pick up your head cage, Vincent."

"It's a basketball mask," Vincent's face was convulsed with fury—and words kept frothing forth.

"Solid bone from the shoulders up," were his only coherent words.

"What was the percentage of error in your curve ball?" I asked Vincent, remembering how I had diverted his anger the first time he was enraged. "You had better get a pencil as soon as you get to your seat and start figuring your percentage of error."

It worked like a charm. He walked over and picked up the mask which was now a bit lopsided, and went past the arguing group of boys toward the schoolhouse.

"We're late," I said to the others. "You know what the principal told us. We could play ball at noon if we got into our room on time. Better run."

They ran and I panted after them. We lined up and filed silently into our room. Vincent immediately grabbed pencil and paper and started figuring. The rest sat watching me grimly. I spoke to Vincent first.

"After you figure just what was wrong with your curve ball, you still have to learn how to apply your knowledge. It's the application of your theory you are going to find difficult."

Vincent's mind was a long way off, but my earnestness penetrated his obsession. He grinned his engaging grin and said, "I see now that you've decided it's measles I have."

I smiled back but no one else smiled. The children just sat and looked at me. At last big Bob Malone raised his hand. I ignored it. He was in a fighting mood. I thought it was better to let him cool a little.

"It's language period," I said, "but I think we had better have a class meeting. You know that next week is spring vacation and the Friday after school takes up we have a scheduled game of ball with the Fremont School. Or we did have. Now I don't know whether we can play that game or not, for I don't know whether Bob will be able to play or not."

"Why, what's the matter with me?" Bob bellowed. "I'm all right."

"Yes, but your citizenship isn't. You just kicked a boy smaller than yourself."

"But he almost lost us our game," Bob protested.

"This is just a practice game—you know. Remember the standards of

Greenwood. The principal went over them this morning."

"But—" Bob started to argue.

"All games except matched games are for what purpose?"

"I know," Bob agreed, "for the purpose of learning co-operation and citizenship."

"Who can take part?"

"I know," Bob said again. "Every child must be allowed to play. No small child can refuse to play. No older child can bully a smaller one. I know, but I got so mad."

"And what is the penalty for breaking these rules? Have you forgotten so soon?"

"Loss of citizenship privileges," Bob answered miserably. "Isn't there anything I can do to keep my citizenship rating up? Can't I say I'm sorry?"

"He really had lots of provocation," said Vincent. "I don't think you ought to penalize him." Vincent spoke earnestly.

Bob brightened. "I'll be awful good to Vincent," he promised. "I'll mend his mask, and I'll help him learn how to pitch."

"Aw, give him another chance," Vincent grinned suddenly. "Can't you diagnose him and give him some different treatment?"

We all laughed at that, and Bob's citizenship rating suffered no deduction.

Vincent wasn't allowed to pitch at noon after that.

"It's too dangerous on the stomachs of batters, Bob thinks," Vincent explained to me. "But after school I pitch for him. He says I'm getting good. My curve ball is coming along fine—and do you know something?"

"Not a thing," I answered quickly.

A twinkle marred his earnestness for a moment, "I think you aren't so good at diagnosing yourself," he said; and went on all in the same breath, "Bob is getting good at my curve ball. He's getting it better than I am. I tell him and he does it. How's that?"

"Fine," I answered. But he went on.

"And do you know what?"

I didn't even attempt to stem his flow of words. I just said to myself, *No papers corrected this afternoon*, and listened to his earnestness.

"I have other kinds of pitched balls. There's a fast ball, a drop ball, three kinds of curve balls, and a slider."

"Where did you find out about them?" I asked.

"From books," he answered, amazed at my ignorance. "Where else is there to find out things? In the books you got for us, and some I found in our library. I've found out how to throw them all. Bob can throw all of them—when he gets ready—you know—he doesn't throw them by accident. He knows what he wants to throw."

"And you?" I asked.

But Vincent was evasive. "I spend

most of my time coaching Bob," he said.

I had stopped his flow of words. He left my desk. Bob had been waiting. I saw the two walking out to the baseball ground and noticed that Vincent's mask was not on his head. I walked back to his desk and found his glasses in their case. I suddenly realized that Vincent had been playing without his glasses for some time. I started to wonder if his eyes were bad enough to slow up his playing—went on to wonder if he would ever make the team. All at once I knew I did not care. He had clicked with his gang. I was satisfied. That was the important thing. I couldn't even worry about the big game.

The day of the big game came. Since the boys were so young, special rules that would ensure their not getting too tired were agreed upon. Bob had his team lined up. Vincent was a substitute. I looked over the Fremont boys and my heart sank. Every one of them seemed as big and as old as Bob.

Bob and Vincent were talking earnestly. "Just don't get flustered," Vincent said and slapped big Bob on the back. "Watch my signals."

I felt hollow. Bob looked hollow. Just Vincent looked confident. The game started. The other team had everything except a real pitcher. Bob was a real pitcher. That was about all our team had. None of the others were really good—but Bob was superb. He always put the ball right where they weren't looking for it. But in the seventh inning he slowed up. The score stood nine to four when that inning started. It stood nine to nine at its close. Bob looked despairingly at his small skinny team, and at last put Vincent in to pitch the eighth.

Vincent said, "Rest up and try to take over in the last inning."

"Yep," Bob promised, "I will."

Vincent started to pitch. He gave them a curve ball all the time—but it was a nasty, tricky curve. They didn't score. Nor did our team. The score still stood nine to nine at the end of the eighth inning. I had expected Vincent to want to pitch the last inning. He didn't.

"Better not risk it," he told Bob. "All I have is that curve ball and sooner or later those bird-brains will get hep to it."

"I'm rested," Bob said, "I can finish."

By now I was holding my breath. Bob looked tired. I thought his best bet was to let Vincent finish, but I didn't say anything. Bob went in warily—carefully. Vincent sat perched on a spot too close for safety. I ignored that, too. I couldn't detect his signals but I could see Bob watching him. Bob held the batters level—not one hit. Really he seemed to me to have the makings of a great pitcher. When our team was up at bat in their half of the last inning, they made two scores. The final score stood eleven to

nine in favor of our team. I was glad. Our boys, I thought, were a bit too noisy in their rejoicing. They went swooping down the field where Bob and Vincent were talking, and I thought, *Bob's so big they'll have a hard time carrying him from the field.* But Bob joined with the gang and it was small Vincent they raised on their shoulders. They went yelling with him down the field.

"Vincent—Vincent—he's all right."

They set him down before me and began to chant, "Mrs. Belmont—she's all right." (I'm Mrs. Belmont.)

I raised my hand for silence and said, "That's very nice—but what had I to do with your winning the game?"

Bob looked confused. I could see he was trying to think just where I did come in.

"You didn't keep me from playing," he said at last. Words were hard for him.

"And . . .," said Vincent. He stopped there—until we all were looking at him.

"And what?" I said, watching the twinkle in his eyes.

"You switched me from the atom bomb to baseball."

"Good switch," said big Bob Malone, and the gang again took up the chant.

"Vincent—Vincent—he's all right."

Short and Sweet Vacations

(Continued from page 16)

because it is a change from her housework.

A short nap, watching TV, listening to the radio or records, is the pickup which acts like a vacation in helping relax tensions. Barbara plays classical records when she cleans and washes dishes. She can listen when her hands are busy.

Anna takes short vacations from routine by writing poetry. She has a folding table in the corner of her kitchen and while the food is cooking, she finds time to jot down ideas and develop them into poetry, some of which finds its way into print.

Maria has an easel and paints always handy. Once a week she goes to art class. In all her spare time she paints or sketches. One of her children who always painted when Mother did, has artistic talent which might not have been discovered otherwise.

Harriet's vacation hobby is fans. A Chinese friend gave her a lovely fan years ago which started the collection. She now has a large collection. Her family is as interested as she is, and helps her to pursue her hobby. Even with her large family and big house,

she finds time to display her collection and give talks for church organizations and others.

Why not start today to take your minute vacations? Plan to take time out daily for the things you want to do which you are putting off until some day which may never come! Even if the budget won't stretch to include a long trip, you can plan some family excursions of a half day or day. If you do not have a car, take a bus or train to change your scene. The more interests you and your family have, the more vacations, even if they are brief, the happier and healthier you will be and much easier to get along with.

Good luck on your minute vacations and those of your family!

"To Work, to Save and to Give"

(Continued from page 14)

When he finished high school at the age of sixteen, John's mother wanted to send him to college. However, Bill Rockefeller seemed to feel that more schooling would be a waste of money for a businessman, and there was no doubt in his mind that John would be a businessman. After a short business course in a night school, John set out to find a job.

When, after a month of diligent searching, he had failed to find an opening, his father called him home to talk it over. "It's all right, John," he finally said. "You can go out to the country and I'll take care of you." This well-meant remark prompted John to renew his efforts, and the next day he did get a job as a clerk with Hewit and Tuttle, commission merchants and produce shippers.

Soon he rose to cashier, then bookkeeper, and finally left the firm to establish one of his own. Soon after that, he and his partners invested in oil, and eventually, John D. Rockefeller became the multimillionaire owner and president of the Standard Oil Company.

William Avery Rockefeller lived to an advanced age, traveling around the country and occasionally visiting his sons, who always enjoyed his jovial company. Eliza Davison Rockefeller died at the age of seventy-six, at the home of her son William. John D. said of her: "She worked to uphold the standard of the family," a rather mild tribute to the one who had so greatly influenced his life.

However, she would not have cared for tributes. The knowledge that her son was living by the lessons of piety, reliability, and industry she had so carefully taught him, would be sufficient tribute for her.

Your Children Are Listening

(Continued from page 12)

mind that you can and will speak pleasantly whether you feel like it or not.

Most important of all, you must know that there is a divine Power that can help us overcome our inadequacies, whatever they may be. We must claim the affirmation of Paul who said, "I can do all things through Christ who strengtheneth me."

And surely many people need strengthening in a determination to refrain from cross, rude, and irreverent speech. Especially is this important in the case of parents whose words fall on the sensitive, listening ears of little children. How much happier many homes would be if parents would constantly and sincerely pray,

Let the words of my mouth . . .

be acceptable in thy sight,

O LORD, my rock and my redeemer.

—Psalm 19:14

Three Boys

Three boys, John, Bob and Jim, were mowing the lawn in front of their homes. A stranger passing by stopped a while to watch. John nearest him was doggedly pushing the mower back and forth.

"Hello, young man," said the stranger. "What are you doing?"

Without glancing up, John replied: "I'm cutting grass."

The stranger moved on. A little farther, he stopped beside Bob and repeated his question. "Well, young man," he said, "What are you doing?"

Bob glanced at the stranger and said: "I'm earning fifty cents."

Up ahead the stranger saw Jim, who whistled as he worked. Again the stranger repeated his question. Jim carefully brought his mower to a stop, wiped his brow, straightened and slowly surveyed the smooth green carpet. He smiled and with pride in his voice replied:

"I'm helping the Lord to keep our front yard beautiful."

JOSEPH CHARLES SALAK

Quiting Time

To a little boy, the lawn mower
Is a glamorous thing to propel
Right up until he's big enough
To wield the implement well!

THOMAS USK



Over the Back Fence

A School of Democracy

The home can be such a school in our day. There was a time when it could not. It was more a school of autocracy. We laugh now at the absurdities of "Father Knows Best" but within the memories of some of those who laugh it once was no laughing matter. Father did assert his authority and allowed no deviations (if he could help it). A recent article in the *New York Times* pointed out that the majority of German women seem to subscribe to the same philosophy. The autocracy of fatherhood is prevalent in other areas of our world. It probably has not completely disappeared even in our "land of the free and home of the brave."

During July many persons will give much attention to the state of democracy. Few of them will contend that it operates perfectly. A good case can be made to show that some of the weaknesses to be found could be removed by a wider and wiser use of the home as the basic school of democracy.

It is in the home that some of the earliest battles for freedom are fought. A growing youngster tries to assert his independence from parental control. Parents have the difficult responsibility of determining just how far that surge to freedom should be allowed to go. Some parents lean too heavily on the side of strict regimentation, demanding immediate, heel-clicking obedience. Others lean toward laxness, allowing liberty to become license, freedom to degenerate into irresponsibility. Neither procedure is in the direction of developing a greater democratic spirit.

What are some of the essentials of the democratic spirit? A recognition of the real worth of every individual is important. A desire to help each person realize the best that is in him is involved. A willingness to allow a large measure of experimenta-

tion is vital. A cultivation of personal initiative is essential. A development of a sense of responsibility is indispensable. A realization that one's own rights are limited by the rights of others is demanded.

The home with its twenty-four-hour relationships provides the best situation in which these and other elements of democratic living can be nurtured. Whether they desire the responsibility or not, parents are the key to making the home an effective school of democracy. Dedicating yourselves to that task is a good way to observe the truest meaning of our national holiday, Independence Day.

Pity the Poor Parents!

In recent years it has been quite the accepted thing to blame parents for most of the difficulties that children and young people get into. Some authority will say, "There are no delinquent children, only delinquent parents." Immediately a new chain reaction of criticism is started which beats upon the ears and hearts of conscientious parents and they wonder if they should go out on the streets at any other time than in total darkness.

Admittedly parents are not perfect. Most of them would be slow to claim that they are even fifty per cent effective.

Hearthstone wants to put in a good word on behalf of this browbeaten group. It is just as true to say, "There are no good children, there are only good parents." In other words neither declaration is absolutely correct. Without claiming too much most parents are doing a pretty fair job of meeting the most difficult responsibility in the world.

Again, We Regret

To announce the loss of our assistant editor. Mrs. Meredith McKittrick, who planned this issue, found it necessary to resign. We hope soon to announce her successor.

By Nena Palmer



Collect Post Cards

If you go away yourself this summer on a trip, you will have a chance to collect colored post cards all along the way to remember your trip by. If you stay home, you can save the cards that other people send you and your family. Collecting post cards can be one of the most interesting of hobbies!

You can put your cards into a scrapbook, as in fig. A. If you are making a record of your own trip, write the place at the top of the page and the date when you were there, as shown in fig. A, or if you are saving cards that you receive, make a page for each new place, city, state, park, and so forth, and put all the cards from that place together. Can you imagine studying geography in a better way?

You can either paste the cards into the book, or mount them. To mount them, lay the card where you want it to go and make two dots at each corner as shown in fig. B, then carefully cut slits in the page, connecting the dots, as in fig. C, and slide the card into the slots, as in fig. D. By doing it this way, you can take the cards out and rearrange them later if you want to.

Another good way to keep cards so that you can see them all the time is to run a heavy string between two nails in the wall, beside your bed or over your desk. Clip the cards to this with ordinary paper clips, as shown in fig. E. You can make several rows of cards as you add more to your collection, keeping all those of the same kind, or all from the same place together.

Or you can run ribbons through the cards as shown in fig. F, cutting small slots for the ribbon to go through. These strings of cards can be hung on the wall also, or you might use several ribbons as long as your closet door and fasten them at the top and bottom of the door as a nice decoration in your room.

And of course, if you have too many cards, you can put them into a file box (Fig. G) making a file card for each state or kind of card. Instead of grouping them by cities or states, you may want to do it by keeping all the cards with pictures of animals together, or all having buildings, others with trees, and so forth.

Any way you do it, post cards make a wonderful collection!

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